

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

APRIL 12, 1982

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COVER STORY

Strife in the Holy Land

As world opinion focuses on the Holy Land during the week of Passover and Easter the signs are unmistakable that the beleaguered state of Israel is undergoing an important transition. Although West Bank Palestinians demonstrate for autonomy and Israel's Arabs for equality, the real threat to Israel is nonetheless coming from within. The country is undergoing a virtual crisis in identity as the fight for holy soil continues. — Page 20



An Iranian comeback

The agonized soldiers took back captured territory from the Iraqis in a sudden move. — Page 22

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These marvellous minds

It's acceptable to be from again and Canada's designers have shown their wares. — Page 49



The life and the death

After years of gloom and doom at twilight, the party is over for Alberta's Socialists. — Page 53



At home on the range

Ontario's economic super-optimizer Bob Owsen has his roots in an Alberta ranch. — Page 12



Oscar is tired at 54

Jane Fonda, Barbara Streisand and Bette Midler brightened the dulling out. — Page 29

MACLEAN'S, founded 1961, is published weekly except on Mondays. It is published in Canada, the United States, and other countries. The magazine is published by Maclean's Publishing Company, a subsidiary of the Canadian Press. The magazine is published by Maclean's Publishing Company, a subsidiary of the Canadian Press. The magazine is published by Maclean's Publishing Company, a subsidiary of the Canadian Press.

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HONDA
1982 ACCORD



EDITORIAL

MacEachen's tanglefoot budget needs some artistry in rhythm

By Peter C. Newman

A modern dance company in Washington is regulating its patrons these evenings with a new ballet that sets to movement the memorable interview with David Stockman in last December's *Atlantic* magazine. That was the exchange in which the U.S. administration's budget director delivered himself of this definitive description of Reaganomics: "None of us really understands what's going on with all these numbers."

Now the Stockman inflections have been set to music. The lead role is danced by Jessica Ben, a 66-year-old mother of four who is five feet tall and weighs in at 90 lb. It isn't easy to dance how the troupe (which calls itself the Dance Reagan) performs such Stockmanisms as his contention that "the supply-side formula was the only way to get a tax policy that was really 'trickle down.'" (This is the hallowed description for the wobbles theory that by easing taxes on the rich, the benefits will somehow "trickle down" to the poor.)

The bizarre notion of setting such linguistic gymnastics to music immediately brought to mind the idea of some enterprising Canadian ballet company choreographing Allan MacEachen's Nov. 12 budget. Par-

mer Tory finance minister John Crosbie has already caught the spirit by referring to the hapless finance minister as performing "a turkey trot—two steps forward and one step back."

That's an appropriate enough image, but it doesn't add up to a ballet worthy of the 228 tax changes contained in the MacEachen budget—a shoddily drafted document as has stumbled out of the finance department since Confederation, which takes in a lot of territory. The process of turning that cumbersome set of counterproductive resolutions into law has focused attention on the budget process itself.

As part of his "I am not a candidate" national tour, Progressive Conservative leadership hopeful Brian Mulroney has suggested three specific reforms: each November, a Commons committee would hold pre-budget hearings to test the economic climate, instead of taking effect the minute they are announced; most budget measures would only become operative after they have become law; the finance department's working papers, which presumably provide the rationale for budget's provisions, would be made public.

Mulroney's presumptions don't sound revolutionary. But, if adopted, they could prevent the kind of faced circles that has characterized recent budgets. Instead of the turkey trot, we might get a waltz.



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April 12, 1982

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Gruesome images

I am writing to express my disgust at your decision to include a color photograph of a disfigured El Salvadoran guerrilla, aptly captioned "An unacceptable image," in the March 29 issue of your magazine (*Central America at the Abyss*, Cover). In my opinion, such a gruesome image is a striking example of the sensationalistic journalism currently plaguing the news industry.

—TAYLOR THORSON,
Winchester, Ont.

El Salvador seems to have become a delight to some journalists whose skills depend upon the gruesome and the shocking. However, I did not think Reuters' need to stoop to such sensationalism, providing its readers with a lurid description of a murdered victim, right down to the color of her dress and fingernails, and then literally repeating these with a picture of a deformed corpse. Good journalists should not have to rely on the macabre for effect.

—BET STOKOL,
Saint John, N.B.

Abhorrent the unwary decision

Myra Ruth March & Padua in the room realistic yet sympathetic statement on abortion I have ever read. Sincerely, what else so aptly states in this face an unwanted pregnancy or an un-



Lurid and detailed description of death

wished abortion. The choice is either cast as not easy to make. Thankfully, women who do choose abortion can make that sunny decision knowing it can be done legally and safely. I pray this right will not be taken away from us!

—ALEXANDRE HART,
Paris, Edgely, N.L.

Admiration for Jack McClelland

Not to take anything away from Jack (and who could), but a phrase like "a man who almost single-handedly Canadianized our book industry" (Edmund, March 29) could unwittingly slight oth-

ers. I'm thinking in particular of the late John Gray, whose achievement in Canadianizing the industry, the literature of Canadian history in particular, was major. Gray admired Jack McClelland's precision, whereas without losing an ounce to match them. "Every industry needs one man like Jack," John Gray said on this subject. "But one is enough."

—LUC STANFORD,
Montreal, Ont.

I can't believe they retired Jack. Book genius and every book. Book lover in my. By his far-look day. McClelland and Stewart led the pack. Jack McClelland made it fun to be a Canadian.

—GORD BRADLEY,
Toronto

The attack on our freedom

Three cheers for Canada's weekly news-magazine on your exposure of the way in which our fundamental freedoms are being chattered. (Diagrams of Napier on the above, Justice, March 15, and Two Minutes for a Friendly Chat, Canada, March 22). The assault on the 68-year-old woman over a "leader-leader" is typical of dozens of complaints of police brutality related to minor speakers. Her content that more politicians should be put in the House of Commons. The letter criticizing our socialist prime minister came from the Constitutional Reform Movement Committee, which has a total of eight members. I fear for this country. —ALLAN WELSH,
Edmonton

PASSAGES

DEED Well-known children's author **Barrett Stremmeper**, Adams, 65, of a heart attack, in Potomac, N.Y. It was Adams' father, **Edward Stremmeper**, 84, who originated the Nancy Drew, Hardy Boys and Bobbsey Twins series. Upon his death in 1980, Adams became a senior partner in the *Stremmeper Syndicate*, contributing well over 200 books under the pseudonyms Carolyn Keane (Nancy Drew), Franklin W. Dixon (The Hardy Boys) and Laura Lee Hope (The Bobbsey Twins). She assigned more than 1,200 plots to ghost writers, prominent among them was the late Canadian author **Leslie McFarlane**, who wrote 22 of the Hardy Boys tales.

WARRIOR Late student **Emily Ruth Black, 27**, of **Robert F. Kennedy Jr.**, 27, in a combined Protestant-Catholic ceremony in Bloomington, Ind. Kennedy is the third of 14 children of Ethel and the late U.S. senator **Robert Kennedy**.

APPOINTED **Lee Boonett**, an editor in chief of Montreal's highly respected newspaper *Le Devoir*, Boonett, who has been a columnist, will replace **Michel Roy**, who has gone to the newspaper *La Presse* as editorial-page editor.



ORFF **Carl Orff**, the 86-year-old German composer who was considered one of the leading musical pedagogues of the 20th century, of cancer, in Munich, West Germany. Orff, who interpreted his music as spiritual decisions totally accessible from the world, was great admired for his 1925 masterpiece *Carmina Burana*. The Orff method of teaching music to children—a combination of rhythm, exploration, dance, gymnastics and drama—lives on as one of Europe's most dominant methods.

DEED West German lawyer and diplomat **Walter Hallstein**, a founding father of the European Community, in Stuttgart, aged 83. Hallstein was ac-

claimed and respected internationally for his decisive role in rebuilding Germany after the Second World War. The so-called Hallstein Doctrine, which influenced the foreign policy of West Germany in the 1950s, along with his aid in establishing the European Coal and Steel Union, a forerunner of the Common Market, combined to make him "a man whose public efforts were devoted to the vision of a free Europe," said West German President **Karl Carstens**.



GUEKHA From the 13-member Vietnamese ruling Communist Party Politburo, military strategist **Guekha Napoleone**, 71. Guekha is best known to revolutionaries as "the Red Napoleon" or "the Vietnam topped with ice" for his writings on guerrilla warfare. Credited with understanding the humiliating end to France's 80 years of colonial rule in 1954 (at Dien Bien Phu) and facing heavily armed U.S. troops out of Vietnam in 1973, Guekha was now tipped as a future prime minister.

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Wilson deserved more

In recognizing Madam Justice Bertha Wilson's appointment to the Supreme Court (*Porter Journal for the Supreme Court, Canada*, March 10), surely you could have featured her on your cover. Such a history-making occasion deserved at least...

—PATRICIA PEN
Middlesex-Lake, Ont.

Ranger disaster: real horror

To many people the sinking of the *Queen Ranger* is just a tragic event like an airline crash that causes little terror or awe. To others, such as relatives and friends of the victims, the event is a nightmare that lasts for days and even months. For me, the real horror has in trying to get myself in the place of one of the victims just before the end was near. I worked and lived on this ill-fated rig. It was my last for four months and I knew it very well. There was always that small bit of doubt in the back of my mind about the safety of the *Ranger*. But never did such a catastrophe ever enter my mind. I guess reality has finally caught up to me.

—DORIS HENNEL
Weyburn, N.S.

While it may be an insignificant point in the face of the enormous tragedy of the *Queen Ranger*, your cover illustration by Don Anderson appears to be in error (*The Canadian Press*, March 1). The USCG message from the rig, as stated in your story, said that the vessel "... is listing severely 12 to 15 degrees to the port side." You have it listing to starboard. The pilot house and helicopter



Wilson: scaling judicial heights

deck are at the bow and the rig was, in all probability, anchored such that they faced the prevailing wind. What, clearly, is not correct is our pass and occurs in the ocean industry. The frustration is that, as a president of an unrelated corporation, I can only express the sympathy of all of our employees to the families of those lost and to the firms who have lost their employees. I cannot answer questions I must wait for official investigations that may be severely fraught with bias and spurring, where the real question is our legal culpability, but "why?" and "how can we prevent this in the future?"

—ALAN REFFRAN
President, Greiner Associates Ltd.
Halifax

Cranston indulging himself

It strikes me that most of the world's memorable artists display vast amounts of self-indulgence—only their vehicles differ. Who is to fault Toller Cranston for his slandering "psychiatric expert" (*Psychologist for Canadians*, Television, March 15)? I was intrigued.

—ALAN SCHWARTZ
Saskatoon, Sask.

Hysterical view of seal hunt

Having worked in close association with the Fisheries and Oceans scientists responsible for studying and managing the harp seal population for the past several years, I can assure you readers that Mr. Woskie's allegations of bias in the population analysis and his predictions of the imminent demise of not only harp seals but all marine mammals in Canadian waters, are totally unfounded and so removed from reality as to verge on the hysterical. Although we cannot deny that seals do eat fish, such arguments have never been used to

increase quotas on seals. Further, the current research on harp seal population biology indicates that the population is much larger than Mr. Woskie's reports and is in no danger of decline. The method of killing baby seals is bloody, of course, but investigations have shown it to be more humane than killing methods used in many slaughter houses, and it is certainly more humane than the killing allowed in the case of sport hunting of everything from ducks to deer. The seal hunt distributes income to a relatively large number of individuals for whom an additional thousand dollars can make the difference between an adequate lifestyle and poverty.

—DAPHNE ALBERTIN
Pointe Claire, Que.

A run in The Nykoni's story

David Longstone's March 8 article, *Swimming Down the Street*, was almost a riot. First, The Nykon's themselves, except for one tiny run, Bob Robinson and Cooper are Americans. I don't think this really matters much to anyone except that, taken in the context of his good statement that The Nykon are evidence of "a scattering of the Canadian cultural identity," one ends up with more mixed feelings about Canadian identities than ever.

—JANET GUYLAND
London, Ont.

The Nykon are a shy, white-washed, gonk-golly, beige version of an authentic cruise firm designed in the black ghettos of American urban centres. Performing dull, embossed copies of American pop songs of the 1960s and 1970s and equally dull, cliché "songs," written by one of the two Americans in the group, is about as interesting and Canadian as *Ronald Reagan*.

—LEI HEGARTY
Ottawa, Ont.

A renegade's dancing girls

Cheryl Jean Bonnell is a renegade who was once given the royal position of a Catholic priest (*Patrician's Renegade's Dancing Girls*, March 10). His general operation of restaurants with nude dancing shows should be so why he associated with any religious activity connected to the Catholic Church. Moreover, you tell us that, at his restaurant in Rome, "... girls from the 'senior' Tatuans are said to have given the dancing nudes." What other white skin pollutions have been "said"? —J. KENNEDY
Mississauga, Ont.

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Placing blame where it belongs

By Barney Danson

Frankly, I can't help but be annoyed with those misguided members of our society who advocate one-sided unilateral disarmament. In assuming we go wrong not just in the design of being design, profit-oriented cooperation with a vested interest in maintaining the arms race. In fairness, most of the blame is levied on the United States, but Canada is portrayed as either an unwitting pawn or a willing accomplice. Rather incredible accusations in view of the fact that Canada was the first NATO country to relinquish its nuclear capability, in the belief that civility prevailed over possessing and has consistently contributed heavily to it, and spends less as a percentage of GNP (1.7 per cent) on defence than any of the Western alliance members, except for Luxembourg. Furthermore, we have the most rigid re-

strictive policies on the export of armaments of any country I know, and the most stringent safeguards on the safety nuclear power plants that exist.

I can't think of anyone more aware of the current dangers than one who has been consistently based on the sophisticated, numbers and deployment of nuclear weapons of both sides as I have. I can't think of anyone who has experienced nuclear war, and has his closest friends, consequently or unconsciously wanting to provoke conflict or contribute to such provocation. But I can think back to the '50s when Hitler's war machine was grinding and the few planes far propaganda went from not set by those who chose to close their eyes to reality in the hope it would quietly go away. As John F. Kennedy wrote in *Why England Slept*, a thesis written while at Harvard, "Democracy like to take the easy way, to avoid looking at problems until it is too late." Hitler came chinkily close to achieving his objectives, and we paid a desperately high price in lives, treasure and treasure in the process. We ought to have learned something.

Those who raise their voices in the cause of peace would have far more credibility if they spoke out with the same fervor against Warsaw Pact armaments. Their energies should be channelled in constructive directions: toward support for initiatives such as peacekeeping, Third World aid and North-South dialogue. For such excellent institutions as the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Atlantic Council of Canada and the International Peace Academy in New York—groups that research, monitor, support and mobilize a constituency of support for security and disarmament. And in the emergency and support, through our political representatives, for such peacekeeping, Third World aid and North-South dialogue. For such excellent institutions as the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Atlantic Council of Canada and the International Peace Academy in New York—groups that research, monitor, support and mobilize a constituency of support for security and disarmament. And in the emergency and support, through our political representatives, for such peacekeeping, Third World aid and North-South dialogue.

But all of this must be based on an honest appraisal of the realities of military levels and postures around the world. The Soviet Union has built a formidable military machine and continues to expand and modernize it aggressively. It

has a modern navy that projects its influence around the world, and conventional and nuclear-equipped land and air forces which, combined with its Warsaw Pact allies, outnumber those of the West substantially.

Perhaps more general to the current debate is for nuclear arms reduction or abolition in the already established threat of the armed might of the Soviet bloc through the deployment of their deadly 30-50 missile targeted on Western Europe. The Soviets are not about to dismantle this destructive advantage unless forced to by the threat or presence of equivalent systems in the West. As has been demonstrated so consistently in the past, the Soviets respond only to strength and all too frequently exploit weakness when they feel they can get away with it. Leonid Brezhnev's recent call for a halt in nuclear weapons deployment can only be in response to perceived Western determination to correct the

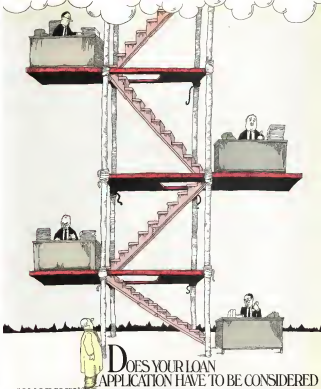
dangerous imbalance in the Soviet bloc.

Member of Parliament Richard Stevens once said, "When you've got an enemy you don't shoot your own generals." Well, we're not at war and we all hope we never will be, but we do have a very lethal potential adversary. I hope we agree that we much prefer our way of life, its freedoms and systems of government, to that behind the Iron Curtain. We therefore must make certain that it is secure. In this determination we are linked with like-minded nations, by far the most powerful being the U.S. We may have serious differences of opinion with the Americans on a wide range of matters, and our approaches to areas where our objectives are in harmony are sometimes quite different. But we must possess little and can lose much by trying to blame our American allies for all the world's dangers when by far the greatest danger to us is elsewhere. Given our limited military capability and low population, we would require and expect U.S. assistance at the first sign of trouble.

There is little doubt that the current level of defence spending on a world scale is unacceptable when there exists so much poverty and suffering. The potential for destruction is frightening, and underlines the desperate need for a brand of statesmanship that can bring about a degree of reasonable trust and accommodation leading to arms reduction on both sides. Little, however, is added to this goal when the Soviets witness and American demonstrations within NATO nations, for these can only reduce the West's leverage in such a process while leaving the real culprits untouched.

We ignored reality in the '50s, and, at the root of the loss of my dearest friends and millions unknown to me, we got through only by the skin of our teeth. We must afford that level of vulnerability again. By all means arms reductions, especially nuclear, but not by distorted, even ridiculous, misrepresentation by irresponsible people of Canada's political, military and industrial complex.

Barney Danson, former minister of national defence, is a Toronto businessman.



"ON HIGH?"

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A super-minister at home on the range

By Mary Janigan

Canada's honey producers were flat broke back in 1965 when they trooped to Ottawa to wheedle money from the fledgling agriculture minister. Prizes were rock bottom, the old crop had not been sold and the new crop was about to be collected. So they pleaded with Bud Olson to save the industry and buy their surplus. The flustered rookie wrestled with this dilemma as a vanguard brawler at his Alberta roots in the Rocky Hills, where two proud Indian chiefs had once forged peace. Then he offered federal funds for a major international honey-marketing drive—if the producers pledged some matching cash into the gamble. The nervous farmers grumbled, agreed and swooned. "We could have gone the other way and bought some more and made the problem worse," Olson muses now. "Instead, the prices rose, the honey sold. They've never looked back since."

This modern-day parable comes from one of the few federal Liberal prophets still honored by the beleaguered human community. His friends have called him "Bud" since childhood, although no one can recall how the nickname was hatched. Most politicians call him "Buz."

These days, even he is no Senator Harman Andrew Olson, the minister of state for economic and regional development. And smart lobbyists call him constantly because he is the chairman of the powerful 28-member cabinet committee that sets the priorities and the overall funding for economic development in the 1980s.

Olson's fans are mistaken, however, if they had him as the knee-jerk champion of free enterprise. The stocky minister is certainly on the side of less direct government intervention than many cabinet colleagues. But he is also

a down-to-earth western rancher, a pragmatist who favors common sense over political dogma. He is low-key, affable, unfappable and shrewd as a fox. Contented in the Senate, he is protected from the daily, often strident, probing of the House of Commons. Tucked into a minority that evaluates but does not originate programs, he is

the local subcontractor. Both were the descendants of Norwegian immigrants lured by the West's rich farming potential. Olson's childhood spanned the Depression. "Until my late teens, I hardly knew what money looked like. It was almost a mythical society." He boarded in Medicine Hat for high school, working part-time in a greenhouse for 25 cents an hour. After graduation, he was back on the farm, "too impatient to get into the work farm" to bother with university, a lifelong regret. In 1944, Olson bought the family store and settled into the comfortable routine of following in his father's footsteps.

That is, until politics intervened. In 1948, Olson began buying parcels of nearby land, raising cattle and planting wheat and barley crops. By 1956 he was a prosperous rancher with a country store and the neighborly advice that someone in the family should take an interest in the provincial Social Credit party. He moved over to a local meeting one evening when party regulars were blasting the Opposition for their recent legislation loss in Olson's riding. As Olson tells it now, he realized that they should motivate themselves, not others, for the loss because none of them had bothered to work very hard on the meetings. The regulars promptly put him

to work, and in 1957 Olson found himself in Ottawa as a junior Social Credit MP. He lost in the Conservative landslide of 1958 and they were re-elected in 1962, 1963 and 1965.

By 1967, however, the Social Credit party was withering without a leader or a national president, and the caucus was confronted with some tough choices in a changing political world. Olson struggled for six months to revive the party and then, one day, simply crossed the floor to the Liberals. The switch was made with maximum secrecy, and, as

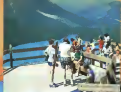


Olson and his cattle breeder, never, ever let the experts know you under!

spurred the ritual hoopla of appearing at press conferences. While Olson was a mystique around him as an elite and aloof super-minister, Olson means his ranch is strict housework, "trying to keep in touch with the real world."

The real world is rooted in the grass-land stable surrounding the tiny village of Edmonk, about 300 km northwest of Calgary. Olson was born in his parents' white wooden house there on Oct. 4, 1925, the fourth of six children. His father was a rancher and the country storekeeper. His mother had been

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former prime minister Lester Pearson recalled in his memoirs, with its demands and accommodations. He supported Pierre Trudeau in the Liberal leadership contest and he was rewarded with the agricultural portfolio in 1968. Four years later, he lost his seat, swept away by the growing anti-Trudeau sentiment of the Prairies, and in the next election he lost again. In 1977, he secured his Senate sinecure. From the start, Olson was an activist, transferring his special committee on northern pipeline legislation into an ongoing energy probe that took the casual step of devising new bills. So, when the Liberals were bereft of elected Alberta talent in the wake of the February, 1980, election, Olson was alerted into his senior cabinet role. "I was so targeted," Olson insists. "I've never had any grand design to get anywhere in politics. It just went from one set of circumstances to another."



With Mike Stille, one of the few federal Liberals honored by business

Olson in the wake of the February, 1980, election, Olson was alerted into his senior cabinet role. "I was so targeted," Olson insists. "I've never had any grand design to get anywhere in politics. It just went from one set of circumstances to another."

The rest of this modest cabinet is a life that crams two full worlds into weekly cross-Canada jaunts. From Monday to Thursday, Olson and his wife, Lucille, live on a posh downtown Ottawa condominium while the senator dashes between crowded appointments, five provincial cabinet meetings and the lengthy drive of the staid Senate chamber. He smokes a pack of Player's filter cigarettes daily, drinks sparingly, skips lunch in a listing attempt to "beat the barge" and rarely dabbles in Ontario night life. He watches the occasional movie, although he fell asleep during *Raiders of the Lost Ark* And his eyes ache if he reads too much, as he has demanded that no mission must be heavier to one page, a request that has driven the bureaucrats to one longer paper. "When I'm in Ottawa, just about my whole life is my job," says Olson. "My roots aren't there, they're on my ranch and with my family." Every Friday he commutes to Calgary or Edmonton to mobilize the litany of western

complaints. Saturdays, if he's lucky, he manages to visit with some of his five children and eight grandchildren. If he's really lucky, he finds time to escape to the ranch, which is now run by his son, Rod, and wife Anna Jean.

The senator is clearly at home on the range. He looks an elderly army jeep into action and lurches about his 4,000 acres, spying the scattered herd. He grabs a modern van and rolls through the village of Idlesleigh where his current stop is now a museum of local history and where his 66-year-old widowed mother, Alta, has lived in the same white wooden house for 60 years. Then he knolls up onto the Rummy Hills, where the great Sioux warrior Sitting Bull met

the legendary Blackfoot chief Crowfoot in 1876. Olson and his wife have quonseted the surroundings of tepee sites on this land, buried mounds and rocks riddled smooth over the seasons by thousands of plains bison. In 1974, when a pipeline company demanded to slice through these hills, the senator threatened to raise such a fuss that the company merely changed course.

Olson's friend Patrick Stenhouse, an Alberta agriculture processor, believes that ranch life has moulded Olson into a self-reliant and innovative man. At home, the senator is constantly tinkering with everything. From his aging jeep to his computerized combine and his wheat varieties.

When a local mason wanted to charge \$8,700 for a rough fireplace, Olson and Lucille slapped it together for \$43 by mixing cement and hauling stones from the pasture. "He's a straightforward, genuine, honest guy—and he was born lucky," marvels Stenhouse. "He's also a great gambler—he likes to take a chance. Sometimes, after we sign a cattle deal, I pay him money and then sit down and try to win it back at blackjack. And I almost always end up paying him more."

In Ottawa, where the stakes are higher, the senator plays a mean seven-stone game. Throughout most of last year, key cabinet ministers fought bitterly over how economic growth should be fostered throughout the 1980s. En-



With grandchildren, in his youth he hardly knew what money looked like

ergy Minister Marc Lalonde and Industry Minister Herb Gray favored an open-market industrial strategy modelled after the French and Japanese approach of pouring huge sums of money into such targeted industries as high technology. Treasury Board President Don Johnston, Minister of State for Trade Ed Lacombe and Finance Minister Allan Rock have, however, reasonably advocated a less costly economic plan that simply designated five key sectors—industrial development, resource development, transportation,



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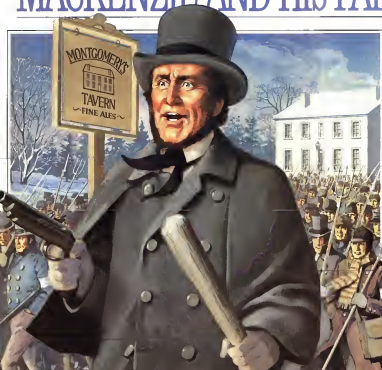
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expert promotion and human resources—for priority treatment and funding. The creation of these ministries has added Olson and his ministry in their job of overseeing the division of the \$15.6-billion kitty for 1982-83 economic development. Compelling funding requests which stream into Olson's cabinet ministries from various ministries can now be evaluated against a much-needed yardstick. At the same time, the plan continually avoids the closer government involvement with industry that was sought by the interventionists. Although Olson was widely credited with winning that battle, cabinet colleagues say that he was strongly silent during the uproar. Still, the result clearly pleases him: "People want to be governed by a government pragmatic enough to see what the real world is."



From left: cabinet ministers Herb Gray, Ed Leamy, Pierre de Borne and Denis O'Brien.

Olson insists. "That means that we have to maintain a direct relationship between effort and reward and that we have to give free enterprise the maximum opportunity to perform. If they don't, the government gets in."

These sentiments have gained Olson the grudging trust of the hard-pressed business community. Stan Roberts, the president of the 125,000-member Canadian Chamber of Commerce, says that the minister "is steady and solid and dependable. He's one of the few people to whom the business community can relate, and in this particular government, that's saying quite a bit." Business is still reeling from the shock of the disastrous November budget. And industry is suspicious about federal moves to substitute a system of grants for tax breaks in the aid and gas sector. They liked the simplicity of the tax system and they definitely do not like the precedent-setting notion that civil servants will assess them to determine whether or not they qualify for grants. Although Olson opposed the grants system of the National Energy Program, as cabinet, he sees the party line in public

Controversial policies. For this reason, in turn, that the minister must play a vibrant, open role that is widely recognized. As Roberts complains, "The presumption seems to be that they leave a lot of things that the business community doesn't know."

Politically, Olson is assisted from both sides. The Conservative leader has for sitting a centralized, state-controlled nation of the economy. The New Democrats accuse him of robbing Canada's new resource wealth and ignoring the flagging manufacturing sector. "He will cause a continued deterioration of our manufacturing base and a rapid depletion of our resources," James St. Louis Ed Broadbent.

Olson's colleagues are kinder, leading him as the perfect cabinet chairman with a nice gift for focusing the issues

and nothing the ruffled eyes in his scrappy, philosophically torn committee. No one expects Olson to hatch daring or innovative concepts, but neither will he topple into hazardous mistakes. His down-to-earth approach may also help resolve some long-standing policy quarrels. Sometimes over the next year, ministers must face the fact that although government-backed products such as the Canada nuclear reactor and the Canadian Challenger aircraft jet may be confident, their sales are lagging. Some ministers advocate continued federal support for these products. Others, including Olson, apparently feel that joint ventures should be explored with other nations.

In this dilemma, as in all other matters of government, Olson will be guided by his ability to "listen, move, let the experts show you order. If they don't explain it it's such a way that I can understand it from a common-sense point of view, then the best advice is to wait until they can explain it properly." To the down-trodden taxpayer, that may sound like one of the best economic prescriptions of the decade. □

DATELINE

Pirates without cutlasses

By Robin Wright

Last fall, an old, rusty freighter was hauled out of drydock and loaded with a cargo of steel valued at \$5 million. Under a Greek flag, the ship set sail from Bilbao, Spain, bound for a Persian Gulf port in Iran. But in early November, the ship appeared on Lloyd's of London's casualty list, having been suddenly abandoned by its 15-man crew and set adrift in the Red Sea. The following week, Lloyd's reported that the agent would had joined the many, many ill-fated, wrecks at the bottom of the sea.

It was first thought that repairs to the 5,500-tonne tub had been inadequate. But investigators from Lloyd's and the International Maritime Bureau (IMB) in London now suggest that the steamer was, rather, the latest victim of 20th-century piracy. London shipping experts and Middle East keepers suspect that the 5,500-tonne cargo had been "pirated" and was not on board when the ship went down.

That case fact, which has become a classic pattern during the past few years, according to Simon Baroud, a Lebanese lawyer who has won such fame as purveyor of pirates that he regularly receives death threats. There's a regional hardly fit the image of sword-wielding buccannery of brigandage yore. Rather, piracy is now an inside job. "The trick is for a shipowner to buy an old vessel very cheaply," explains Baroud. "He finds a client who wants a valuable cargo transported to a coastal place where there is a cheap price. Somewhere along the trip, the ship suddenly sinks or disappears. Because everyone believes the cargo is still on board, the cargo owner then claims the insurance. But what really happens is that the shipowner and his captain have conspired to hijack the cargo. They sell it secretly, often in Lebanon at an unscrutinized stop, then scuttle their own ship deliberately to cover their tracks."

Baroud says that type of piracy, known as *baroud*, has reached serious proportions in the eastern Mediterranean and in the Persian Gulf. His claim is backed by shipping organizations

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working to counter maritime fraud. According to the maritime bureau's director, Eric Ellen, there is little data on the activities of the high seas. "Someone suggested that we do not hear about more than one per cent of these incidents. That's probably true—it's a tough business to crack."

The sophisticated and crafty Long John Silver creatively vary their modus operandi. One technique less costly than the sinking of a ship—labeled "antithreat piracy" by the Lebanese press since the ship's name is painted over—involves a series of name changes and phone sales of a ship during a voyage, in effect leaving the ownership—whose the cargo is still on board. The perpetrator deceptively sells the ship back to himself or his associate under a different name. The ship is loaded up with forged bills of lading, invoices and certificates of origin, offers temporary cover to divert to a new destination and sell the pirated cargo, which may be untraceable for months.

One recent case of suspected piracy did just that, according to Ellen and Baroud. The crewing crew in question set out in December from Turkey bound for Karachi. It attempted to make an unscheduled stop in Beirut, where it planned to dispose its hijacked cargo of agricultural products, but was turned back by harbor authorities. The ship returned four days later, under a different name—and after "arrangements" and "paperwork" was completed. The cargo was off-loaded and, at the end of January, the ship sailed off unharmed, despite efforts by London and Lebanese lawyers, three international shipping organizations and Beirut officials to unscramble the facts to prove the renamed vessel was under pirate command.

Lists of London documents show that this technique was used in more than a dozen cases in 1977 and 1978, and since insurance investigations services are catching on, a third rise—the floating supermarket—is now being used. Here the cargo is transferred mid-voyage to a second carrier, owned by the same source, which then sails off to a corrupt port of call to peddle the goods.

The cost of this modern-day piracy is astronomical. Investigations alone can run to the high six-figure bracket. In one recent case, lawyers offered to pay more than \$500,000 to an informant who had pictures of a ship off-loading its cargo in Lebanon. Ellen says that four cases of piracy last year involved claims of \$180 million. And that does not take into account the losses of countries such as beleaguered Lebanon. Until the 1975-76 civil war, shipping was the most important industry in Lebanon, which had served as the transit point for goods that would be off-loaded in its ports, then trucked to Syria, Iraq, Jer-

usalem. Investigations alone can run to the high six-figure bracket. In one recent case, lawyers offered to pay more than \$500,000 to an informant who had pictures of a ship off-loading its cargo in Lebanon. Ellen says that four cases of piracy last year involved claims of \$180 million. And that does not take into account the losses of countries such as beleaguered Lebanon. Until the 1975-76 civil war, shipping was the most important industry in Lebanon, which had served as the transit point for goods that would be off-loaded in its ports, then trucked to Syria, Iraq, Jer-



Baroud of Beirut port watching ships to cover their tracks

dax and Saudi Arabia. With 38 flagships along a 250-ton coastline, Lebanon became a most popular and profitable trading ground for smugglers and pirates alike. Lebanese Prime Minister Chade al-Waznan recently told parliament that customs revenues had dropped from 45 per cent of national revenues in the pre-civil war period to 14 per cent as a result of piracy and smuggling. Port official Hami Pharaoun estimates that the losses during July and August of last year alone amount to \$14 million.

The dimensions of the problems Lebanon are reflected in a new anti-piracy bill that calls for stiff sentences of up to seven years' hard labor and \$400,000 fines for those found guilty of even a remote offense. It is the only sentence that would be automatically doubled if a ship is scuttled.

As a result of the 18-month-old war

between Iran and Iraq, the Persian Gulf has become the newest pirate playground, easy to exploit because of the chaos in shipping. More than 70 ships have been stranded in the disputed Strait of Arab waters, closed since September, 1980, and few reputable shipping companies are now willing to go anywhere near the area. Baroud contends pirates are making use of ports in the Yemen to rendezvous hijacked cargoes, although there is, as yet, little statistical information on harassment in the Gulf.

Investigators are reluctant to generalize about the identity of the outlaws, but they note that a number of Greek names keep cropping up as owners and captains. Baroud is more blunt. "It is an international syndicate, mainly Greeks. There are some very powerful people involved and you often find a lawyer implicated, the figure who helps inlander or cover up the crime."

Ellen wishes other governments, notably in the Far East and Latin America, would pass legislation like the new Lebanese code to help deter piracy, but Baroud feels the new Lebanese law is unlikely to deter the pirates. "Tragically, it is of less value than the paper it is written on. The government simply can't enforce its own act," he claims. He refers to previous attempts by authorities to check piracy. Lebanon purchased eight patrol boats to keep track of shipping traffic, but one was almost immediately hijacked by one of Beirut's ministers' of militia and private armies. Fearing the evocation of an anti-government anti-state, Lebanese authorities now keep the boats in harbor.

Baroud's most disappointing case of piracy, actually unreported while the ship was still in port, is strong support for him continues. The Lebanese lawyer scrambled to obtain a seizure order from the slow-moving courts—only to find, with paper in hand, that there was no authority to carry it out. So the ship and pirate crew, much enriched, sailed off into the sunset. "Take the situation in Lebanon generally, the weakness, the lack of anything, nothing to stop it," says Baroud angrily. "So it will go on... and on" ☐

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FOLLOW-UP

Dishing up Ottawa pie

Six years ago, when the federal government announced its decision to move the department of veterans' affairs (DVA) from Ottawa to Charlottetown, it was not simply another federal handout to a low-net province, but part of a national strategy to bring government closer to the people. In those days, "decentralization" was one of the great buzz words in Ottawa. But it has long since been superseded by others, leaving behind only such traces as a passport office in Halifax, a regional fisheries headquarters in Moncton, N.B., and a unit in Winnipeg.

The decentralizing wave may have passed, but the DVA is still coming to Charlottetown. Remarkably, the move has survived changes of government and the opposition of Ottawa MPs. The staff (only 20 per cent of whom have accepted the transfer) and the top brass of the Canadian Legion who consider P.E.I. too remote to a location.

For their part, islanders have been suspicious from the beginning, both about the likelihood of the move taking place at all and about the benefits to the province if it did. With the \$16-million Veterans' Affairs headquarters now one-third finished in downtown Charlottetown, the move is now likely to be completed in another two years. With 925 of about 800 jobs already moved from Ottawa, the process is well under way. Of those, about 45 per cent have been filled by Ottawa recruits and 20 per cent by islanders.

The spin off benefits are even more enticing. According to Veterans' Affairs Minister Bennett (Campbell), DVA employees will be spending more than \$10 million annually by 1984, with the department adding another \$4.3 million. In a province with a population of 130,000 and a 12-per-cent unemployment rate, those are big bucks indeed.

But some question how long those dollars can go on flowing, since at some point the economy will run out of veterans. Recently, Campbell assured the Charlottetown Rotary Club that "about 70,000 veterans in Canada and many tens of thousands of widows and dependents" are covered by the program and that "my portfolio will be serving veterans and the province of Prince Edward Island for many years to come."

In other words, who ever heard of a government department going into voluntary liquidation? —KENNEDY WELLS

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CANADA

The life and the death of the party

By Gordon Leggett

The setting for the death of Alberta's Social Credit party seemed incongruous for a group that had ruled the province for 26 years and captured whole eras in prime politics. Still, considering the death throes a party that prevailed during the party's final days, the makeshift boardroom of Edmonton's Macdonald Airport, its walls lined with historical photographs, last week seemed as good a place as any to call it quits. After two weeks of outmanoeuvring supporters and consulting advisers, Social Credit Party Speaker told the party's now-wary 15-member board "I think it's time to make a positive decision. I don't think we can run candidates in the next provincial election and be successful. I don't think the grassroots are willing to run candidates. If we're going to maintain any dignity, we should stop now. To run again would be a disaster."

With little opposition—but with much evident regret—the board concurred. Then Speaker emerged and quietly, briefed an *Edmonton Journal* reporter. The decision added another unknown to Alberta's turbulent political scene, which was drastically altered seven weeks ago by the surprising victory of the separatist Western Canada Concept party (WCCP). Separatist rallies are held the province almost every night, drawing hundreds of disaffected, disaffected voters anxious for a change.

For their part, the powerful Progressive Conservatives are reduced to assembly watching the separatist protest for while they strive to mount a measure counterblast. Premier Peter Lougheed launched his first salvo, not at the separatists but at Ottawa. Then a renegade Independent MLA, Tom Snellinger—expelled from the Tory caucus for disagreeing with the government's position on this constitution—announced the formation of the Alberta Party, both to counter the separatist threat and to return government to the people. And the Socials, after



Speaker after the party's decision: "To run again would be a disaster."

years of reading their own obituary, faced the inevitable.

Interestingly, Social oldtimers see many similarities between the current collapse of the party and that which prevailed in Alberta before the party rose to power in the mid-1960s. It was then that William Aberhart, a Calgary high-school teacher, was offering Albertans

his peculiar mix of evangelical religion and radical monetary reform. Frustrated as he watched his steaming graduate into the impoverished depression of the Depression, he went looking for a solution and adopted the obscure "social credit" theories of British reformer Maj Clifford Hugh Douglas. Tied to the radio waves, "Bible Bill" carried the eastern banking establishment, preferring instead what he detractors called a "daddy money" solution. That was basically a proposal that citizens be given government money to buy what they needed if they could not otherwise afford to pay (mainline economists said such a policy would be mutually inflationary).

Aberhart's theories were never put to the test, and after his death in 1943, his young, bespectacled assistant, Ernest Manning, took over and led the province for the next 25 years. Manning's honest, efficient government worked steadily toward its goals, eliminating poverty while retaining individual enterprise and introducing modern government reforms that would be used as models in many other parts of the world. But like many institutions, the party failed to regenerate itself, and shortly after Manning's retirement Lougheed's Conservatives took to power in 1971.

The Tory victory (49 seats out of 74) diminished the Socials and their appeal. Party appointments came to a halt. A succession of leaders proved incapable of attracting the youthful supporters it needed to survive. Expulsion (twice) was, in what many saw as the final stages, a final outburst. Then former Calgary mayor Rod Dykes as leader. But the party did not work. With the now-bankrupt party unable to pay him to be a full-time leader, Dykes was forced to work at his real estate consulting business to support his family while attending to party business during the remaining hours.

Last October, Senator Ernest Manning and his son, Preston, a successful real estate consultant, both told the party's annual conven-



Maclean's

tion that economic hard times would force wholesale political changes across the country. They urged the party to "transform" itself, since the initiative and momentum are reasons that they possessed in the previous. They predicted that if the Blocs did not do so, the separation would. And in mid-February, WCC candidate Gordon Kenner took the reins of this Debby, which the Blocs had lost in the last election. The Blocs said in their own words that they were not in total disarray. Less than a month later, with rumors circulating of a plot to change the leadership, Brian Rogers. Making his announcement to the media without first informing the party executive, Rogers cited several reasons for his resignation—Alberta's official Opposition—called out their future, at one point using a press release saying they would create a new party with a new name out of the old. But supporters said that there were enough parties already, with many suggesting a swing to the WCC.

Now, as member, Fred MacDevilla, plans to return, and a second, Walter Bick is considering joining the new Alberta Party, while again Rogers takes the same name to lead in his constituents and counterparts overseas he has received from the WCC. Like many Albertans, he believes that the separatist party's concerns are legitimate. However, nervous about separation, he wants the party to establish its status. He fears a leadership rift in developing within the WCC between the hard-line separatists and the moderates.)

Speaker thinks that the WCC should develop credible leadership, establish a solid set of consistent policies, and then relying on democratic appeal, and approach separation incrementally, with a referendum only after all other avenues for changing the political balance of Confederation have been exhausted. If all that comes to pass, Speaker believes the parties could form the next provincial government.

"It's a populist movement," Speaker outlines "People left trusting government, trusting government, trusting government—and government kept taking authority, taking that were the same who made decisions for people. Now there's a total whole new wave that will flush out top-down government and make government bottom-up again."

The first major test of his initiative will, however, be in the Alberta election. He is said to be working hard to win the seat of St. Albert. In the days following the election, the April 26 provincial election, Premier Allan Rock and his 43 other colleagues are running early elections over their shoulders to WCC candidates prepare to run in all 61 ridings. □

NATIONAL

A clever fibre-optical illusion

Some 35 years after cyber clerk Elton Goossens uncovered an spy net in the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, Moscow obviously still thinks Canada is a free place for poaching American secrets. For its part, Ottawa seems to be keenly aware of the Kremlin's penchant. And last week assistant trade representative Michael Abramov became the 17th Soviet official since 1978 to be evicted from Canada as a spy agent.

The explanation that slowly emerged for his expulsion was observed by the self-interest and half-truths traditional to the confederation world of espionage. External Affairs Minister Mark MacGavin, who appears to resist taking a tough anti-Communist stance in public, called a full-blown news conference to announce that Abramov was caught red-handed in "activities which are in-

compatible with his status." He had been spying for the Soviet Union, said Elton Goossens, president of Northumberland Cable Co. Ltd. of Peterborough, N.B. It said Abramov's activities had been "intensely regular," that he had been offered only seven times last week with the Kremlin and that as deal was reached. By the end of the day, Kilham and Ottaviano concluded that the Soviet version was true—as far as it went.

Northumberland Cable is in the salvage business—buying and selling old computers, cables. Kilham told reporters that he approached the Soviets last last year, offering a stretch of automated cable lying under the Pacific between Port Angeles, Wash. and Kotzebue, Alaska, and currently owned by American Telephone and Telegraph (AT&T). The asking price was \$1 million. Kilham says that last December Abramov offered to "do interesting and good business, other than this cable." Through a "good friend," he would not name, Kilham alerted the RCMP.

Over the following weeks, he provided, Kilham went through with two more meetings with Abramov. In January, the Soviet offered \$8 million for the old AT&T cable, plus fibre optics and other high technology. In February, meeting at the Airport Hilton outside Montreal, Kilham says Abramov was alert to the risks being run—the Russians warned that if discovered he would be expelled and Kilham would go to jail for selling fibre optics. But Abramov was undeterred, he was still calling Kilham for an appointment just a week before his embassy that their next was to leave Canada within 10 days.

Kilham had implicated a second Soviet, and when Prime Minister Trudeau was asked about that at his weekly press conference he indicated that another man would be named in due time. Privately, (MacGavin's department later confirmed that commercial attaché Andrei Havinitski will soon be Moscow-bound.) Trudeau said he was not sure Abramov had done anything illegal, but External made a case he had. Kilham, who never did have any fibre optics for sale, is still open to offers for the old AT&T cable. But Soviets need not apply. Washington told Kilham in January that sale of even the old cable to himself under the partial United States trade embargo against the Soviet Union.

—JOAN HAY in Ottawa



Kilham: the customer was undeterred

Will business and labor join the PM's dance?

After seven months of foot-dragging, the federal government and a key renegade chunk of organized labor abruptly reversed their course last week with an exchange of dramatic vows. The warring contended when the fledgling Canadian Federation of Labor formed the prime minister to its founding convention in Ottawa and promptly signed for labor posts on national government boards. Then, charmed by the turn report, Pierre Trudeau challenged labor to "share the responsibility for governing."

For the spirited federation, that invitation meant instant legitimacy. For the government, it heralded a landmark turnaround in federal tactics—a bid to tag business and labor into a joint economic reform mission after unprecedented rounds of frenetic confrontations with both groups.

The mere creation of the federation in unexpected political good news for the Liberals because the massive Canadian Labor Congress (CLC) has drawn co-opted its success since the 1975 imposition of wage and price controls. The new organization speaks for 300,000 workers in 100 local buildings, trades unions such as the electrical workers. Nine of the 10 unions were part of a major breakthrough that several relations with the over-60-member labor congress in 1984. The members objected to the CLC's young structure, its emphasis of only Quebec links by a CLC provincial federation and to the CLC's official support for the New Democratic Party. And although earlier CLC allies, such as the Teachers, maintained a frosty independence from the congress, since last year's 13 negotiating between labor and business and government. They insisted that "there is no way in which the state alone can ensure economic recovery." And finally Trudeau suggested that all three parties must cooperate involved.

Trudeau's sudden burst of co-operative and took place at the same time as Finance Minister Allan Rock had launched a cross-country tour to gauge the views of major business organizations. And while the prime minister insisted last week that he surely wanted to "heighten the level of under-



Trudeau addressing the CLC, charmed by a rare request

standing," Trudeau's has learned that the government is specifically working toward a tripartite approach to the country's most-problematic 500 small and medium-sized firms represent \$60 billion in investments up to the year 2000 and a major task-force report is 1985 maintained that labor-management co-operation is essential for their success. The task force called for the creation of a tripartite "managers-projects-assessment agency" to promote the development of such managers, in consultation with their unions. And the new confederation members, in addition to such renegade unions as the Teachers,

and the Iron Workers, constitute the majority of western engineers for these projects.

Trudeau's conversion delighted the business community and infuriated the CLC. Stan Roberts, president of the 150,000-member Canadian Chamber of Commerce, remarks that Trudeau is finally admitting that the government cannot single-handedly change the economic order. "This is fascinating—the philosopher mind is working again. It takes a catastrophe to bring these three groups together and if we're in as much trouble as I think we are, it may happen very soon," said Roberts.

For his part, CLC President Dennis McDermott claimed that the federation founding convention "was stage-managed by the Liberal party since they and someone to sit on the grid with. It's an absolute fraud and a ploy to shift attention away from high interest rates. The federation and the Liberals need each other—and they deserve each other," he declared.

McDermott's remarks aside, he dismissed the fact that Trudeau faces an uphill battle in his sudden desire to make peace with the frustrated business and labor communities. The CLC president pointed out that Ottawa can scarcely force business without close cooperation of the massive labor congress. McDermott's own view is that he must be co-operative from his own membership since confrontation has clearly not improved economic conditions. Although the Trudeau turnaround deserved some skepticism, it also held out the hope that a tripartite could be formed.

—BLAKE ANDERSON in Ottawa

A bizarre blend of old-style unionism and new-style politicking —and a sense that the Liberals need them

den and Germany have managed to forge co-operation between labor and business and government. They insisted that "there is no way in which the state alone can ensure economic recovery." And finally Trudeau suggested that all three parties must cooperate involved.

—BLAKE ANDERSON in Ottawa

It was expected to be the most anticlimactic Academy Awards ceremony in years. But, when **Loretta Young** ran open the final envelope of the long, long evening, the 1949 Oscars turned into a Cinderella story. **Charlot** of *Pier*, made in England for a paltry \$1.3 million and fighting 3-to-1 odds against receiving even a nomination, was the most prestigious Oscar of all—the best picture. English producer **David Fairburn**, fresh from collecting the British film awards' top prize, was elated. "I arrived two days ago and people started telling me they had voted for the movie," Fairburn said later. "I began to think, maybe I really do have a chance." The Oscar also means Charlot will have a chance to double its take at the box office.



Fendley, husband Tom Fendley, son Troy with dad's Oscar

While the audience was ready to roar with laughter, it wasn't nearly so prone to an outpouring of appreciation. The emotional high point of the evening came with the career Oscar presentation to actress **Barbara Stanwyck**, 74. It was the only time the audience rose to its feet. When the commotion died down, Stanwyck bewitched the audience and dedicated it to "my Golden Boy"—**Bill Holden** (Stanwyck's costar in the 1958 film, who died last year).

Ann Fendley gave a moving performance when she accepted the automatic best-actor award for her father, **Henry Fendley**. His win for *On Golden Pond* came at a time when the 76-year-old veteran was too feeble to attend. It is the first acting Oscar Fendley has ever won in a career that spans half a century. Watching the ceremony on TV with his wife, **Shirley**, at their Rio Hotel home, Fendley is reported to have burst into tears at the news.

At the same time, his co-star **Katharine Hepburn's** fourth best-actress Oscar win was hotly received by many in the industry.

"I thought we had stopped giving awards for antiestablishment reasons," said one wrap public relations representative.

In the end, the inevitable feeling about the Academy Awards' existence, as Cannes again pointed out, the Oscars fell down to one eve-

ning when everyone leaves pretty pictures behind—and brings out really big pictures. If Hepburn had been as ill as Fendley, their combined win would've been left a dry eye in the house.

While Toronto moviegoers recently paid \$25 a ticket to learn about the life of **Napoleon Bonaparte** in Abel Gance's classic film, a Montreal audience was concentrating on how the 19th-century warrior died. In *The Murder of Napoleon*, writer **Ben Webster** explains that while Napoleon was in exile on the South Atlantic island of St. Helena, he was murdered by his companion, **Comte de Montholon**. Contrary to French historians, who believe the military genius died at 52 of stomach cancer, Webster and his Swedish collaborator, **St. Eric Forster**, claim Napoleon was actually poisoned with arsenic. "He lost his appetite, had horrible ongoing hiccups and suffered from constipation," said Webster—all classic signs of arsenic ingestion. Although the book, which reads like an *Agatha Christie* whodunit, is expected to sell well in North America, French readers may give it the cold shoulder. Historians there "are quite upset that it took a Swede supported by a Canadian to revise this French farce," said Webster. One thing is certain—the legend of Napoleon is in no danger of dying.

Last week's attempts in high places to downplay dramatically the differences in the way Moscow and Washington handle the health of their respective leaders. When **Ronald Reagan**, 71, was extolled for "slight discomfort in the urinary tract," a detailed bulletin telling everyone everything they did not really want to know was issued immediately by the White House. Reagan's doctors announced only four hours' absence from the Oval Office. Yet a fleet of photographers gathered to greet him upon his return and Reagan felt obliged to give them the thumbs-up as a confirmation of his good health. Meanwhile, in Moscow, officials would not tell anyone anything about **Leonid Brezhnev's** reported hospitalization. But it is believed that Brezhnev—long rumored to be at death's doorstep—is seriously ill. At week's end, *The Washington Post's* Moscow correspondent reported that the 76-year-old president may have suffered a stroke during his recent trip to Uzbekistan and that he had been taken on a



Brezhnev: Moscow in shock on his illness

stretcher from the airport to a hospital upon his return to the Soviet capital. Perhaps in response to reportedly heavy sniffling about who will replace him, Brezhnev has been unusually active lately, traveling extensively and delivering many speeches. It is believed that his increased workload—designed to show how well he is—might have caused a stroke.

The caper was well planned. At 4 a.m. on March 28, a group of students at Toronto's **Ryerson Polytechnic Institute** who call themselves **Red Force 16** took into the college's quadrangle and used unsuccessfully to raise the balk of a Volkswagen to the top of a three-story facade. The prank almost came off without a hitch. Unfortunately for the students, a security man finally noticed that something was afoot and confronted them as the Seattle bus precariously in mid-fall. It was decided that the infant crime would be let them continue on the job, but why? In the aftermath the campus guards were left holding the pail rather than the students remains a mystery. Red Force security people are men on the subject, but Ryerson President **Ben Segal** is amused by the whole affair. "I can see from any window," says Segal. "It reflects the genius of some of our engineering students and I'm rather proud of them actually." Segal says he is so much to see the chaos removed, but the security people plan to have it recreated out of the campus by week's end. If the guards get it out of Segal's sight, they might be able to ask the question in his mind. "Where were they that night?" the president is still asking.

For 1976 Olympic gold-medalist skater **Deborah Herlihy**, it is a welcome move. In the past, she says, "once as amateur skater turned pro, there were the ice shows as coaching—and that was all." Not any longer. Now, athletes who have traded the rigors of compulsory figures for the pressures of a seemingly plain onesie life as the road to escape the threat of competition against the **Loban Froloves**. The event, which began last season in Montreal, will stretch over a period of nine months in Toronto, Edmonton, Vancouver and six U.S. cities. It features 25 competitors in men's, women's, pairs and ice dance events with a \$50,000 prize in each division. The judging system is unique: included on the panel of eight is a cinematographer, a musician, and 10 audience members who are allotted one vote. The emphasis is placed on creativity rather than on the difficulty of jumps—an amateur status criterion bitterly denounced by Canadian ice star **Tatiana Davdova**. Herlihy, the inventor of the legendary "Blondie Camel," has little trouble with during maneuvers. Her main complaint about amateur competition is the automatic fervor among the judges. And "it's just as political as it always was," she claims. Though Herlihy applauds the Pros and welcomes the opportunity to compete after six years as a professional, her appearances are limited to exhibitions. Due to her newborn duties as the wife of U.S. Air Force pilot **Dean Paul Martin Jr.**, and her lucrative performances in the Las



Skater Herlihy: no time to compete

Vegas and in TV commercials, Herlihy hasn't been able to find the time to prove that she can still skate a perfect "56" at the rink.

For the past 11 years, Nova Scott, Minn. judge **Donald Marshall** has steadfastly maintained that he is innocent of the stabbing murder of a **Rydak, N.S.** youth, **Sandy Steen**. Last week, authorities appeared almost ready to ignore by proving him from the federal penitentiary at Dorchester, N.E., and announcing him in a Halifax halfway house while his lawyers ponder their next move to achieve his ultimate exoneration. The dramatic change in Marshall's fortunes came after the state produced new evidence which cast doubt on the murder conviction handed down when he was 17. Following the conviction, he was sentenced to life in prison. The day after his release from Dorchester, the case became even more intriguing when a 73-year-old Sydney man—who had pleaded guilty to a recent stabbing, announced on a local radio station that he knows the identity of the real culprit in the Marshall case. "I know, but I won't tell," said **Ray** to screen **Blaney**, who was recruited for a 30-day mental examination. For his part, Marshall, whose father holds the religious title of Grand Chief of Minnau, has completed Grade 12 and studied plumbing in prison. Still, his initial reaction to such a sudden re-entry into society was one of fright. Although Marshall declined to talk to the press, his sister **Donna Gould** explained, "You've been locked up for 11 years, you've got to have some fear."

—EDITED BY BARBARA KIGHTON



RYERSON



Henry and Shirley swapped

Yet another assault on the Empire



Gallies on balcony once used by Felix Pizarro, surrender was unobtainable

They arrived in the cold hours before dawn last Friday, 4,500 Argentine marines descended to one and occupy Britain's Falkland Islands. Initially, world reactions to the invasion of the 230 island South Atlantic archipelago, populated mainly by shepherds and 60,000 sheep, ranged from incredulity to hostility. But the arrival of the Argentines was a deadly serious matter to the islands' 1,500 British subjects whose minds included 94 guards of the Royal Marines. The inhabitants responded with a three-hour gun battle which left at least one Argentine soldier dead and at least two others wounded. Some residents had already buried arms caches. Others set off to block the support's advance. As well, a group of women went into hiding in the hills. But before the day was over, the resistance was quelled and the Argentines claimed the Falklands' 4,448 square miles.

By week's end, the quarrel had escalated into a full-scale showdown between two of the world's nuclear powers. As international leaders condemned the invasion, jubilant Argentines danced in the streets. Buenos Aires continued to off-load incoming troops from the fleet it had sent to the islands, a clear sign that it intends to stay. In Britain, where the Commons sat on a weekend for the first time since the 1968 Suez crisis, the mood was decidedly somber. At 10 Downing Street, angry crowds gathered as the government severed diplomatic relations with

the invader. At least 30 British ships—the bulk of the navy—were dispatched to the South Atlantic, to be followed this week by the 10th Armoured on which Prince Andrew serves. Conceded a glowing Defense Minister John Nott, "it is not unobtainable."

The British also froze all Argentine assets in the United Kingdom and suspended export credits. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and her government were pinning their real hopes for a solution on diplomatic pressure. But early attempts were not promising. U.S. President Ronald Reagan made a half-hour telephone call to Argentine President Leopoldo Galtieri the night before the attack, but he was unable to prevent the crisis. American diplomacy is also hampered by that country's reliance on Argentine support in Central America. The American public also shares the widespread difficulty of taking the whole business seriously.

Ownership of the two islands has escalated for centuries—we'll be before Britain regarded control over them from the newly independent Argentina in 1833. Since then, Britain's claim to the islands has been backed by the islanders themselves. Before the invasion, their pro-British sentiments took such heretofore forms as the UK flag with slogans sprayed on the Argentinean air force in the capital, Port Stanley.

A similarly incoherent occurrence three weeks ago gave rise to the invasion. A group of Argentine scrap merchants arrived on one of the most re-

most islands to disassemble an abandoned whaling station and, in the process, raised their national flag. When the British protested that the group had also bypassed British immigration, Argentina stated that such observance was "unnecessary." The incident might have blown over had Britain not diverted the patrol boat HMS Endeavour to the area, sparking Argentina to send its first war ship, later.

Argentina's motives for securing the prize are difficult to fathom. The Falklands are far from being an last Atlantis. Even though geological studies indicate potential oil reserves around the islands, the semi-erecting jurisdictional dispute has prevented extensive exploratory drilling. In any case, Argentina ranks third in South America in oil production and it has large reserves of natural gas.

The main motive is probably national pride. As the country's political parties, headed by and against with left leader Luis Leon, who called for an invasion the day the Argentine fleet left. Royalist Leon: "This is necessary for the preservation of our sovereignty."

The invasion certainly succeeded in diverting the attention of Argentines from problems at home. Argentina is, in fact, in its worst recession in 50 years. Unemployment is at 15 per cent and inflation rose 2,500 per cent from 1978 to 1981. Last Tuesday the streets of Buenos Aires were lit by the largest public protest since the 1976 military junta since it took power in 1976. But after the invasion and a massive 48-hour anti-British propaganda campaign, Argentines responded to the occupation.

For Britain, with only a dozen dependent territories left, the Argentine incident could go as well as the Argentine Imperial rule in Argentina. From the embarkation of virtually the entire Argentine fleet on March 28, was not challenged.

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expansion with strong infrastructure, if not outside glow. And at least one of the past's wars was accomplished—a general strike planned for next month was postponed.

Although Argentina's military action was almost universally condemned, the two leading the islanders in the mainland are stronger than the British have led the world to believe. Negotiations over sovereignty have been maintained for the past 15 years partially because the Argentine position does have UK support. The Falklands depend on Argentina for supplies and communications.

For more complex is the role of the island's major corporation, the Falkland Islands Company (FLIC), which runs the country like a small island. Owned by the British energy giant Conoco, FLIC has been reluctant to enter into lead-sharing programs, and investment in the local economy is negligible. Islanders fear that Conoco would accept limited Argentine sovereignty and a stable political climate in return for access to offshore oil reserves.

Despite Argentina's role as the aggressor, Britain seemed to be the country that appeared in the worst light. Thatcher, her defense minister, and Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington were criticized for their lack of foresight in not protecting the islands. Questions were raised over why Britain treated the whaling station incident as a provocation in the first place. Britain also ignored the anti-British sentiment that flared up a week later in an attack on an English ship in the Argentine zone. From the embarkation of virtually the entire Argentine fleet on March 28, was not challenged.

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Meanwhile in Argentina, there was alarm at the rapid escalation of events. Though Britain's navy is 5,000 miles from the coast, it is clearly the superior force. Britain's troops outnumber the well-equipped U.S.-trained Argentines two to one. And, as an surprise after the week past in the invasion, led by the Buenos Aires daily, Clarin: "What we believed would be a joyride turned into real armed combat. We did not want to kill anybody." But it was clear that the clash of national egos will not continue the best guess of both countries is to be assumed. That seems certain to involve some dangerous diplomacy at best.

—VALERIE ROSS, CHICAGO



Salvadorans of the police "superfantis" cheered the U.S. ambassador

An election with no victors

A gunfire rumbled through the capital and full-scale civil war erupted about one-third of El Salvador last week, 1.5 million citizens held up to cast their ballots. Some dodged bullets as they waited up to six hours under a warlike sun. "I've never seen people so anxious to vote," marveled an unofficial Communist observer, Conservative MP Bob Weisman.

Set as the election's results emerged during the week, it became obvious that the vote had done little to solve the country's convulsing crisis. What may have been the most internationally scrutinized election in world history had not even produced a clear winner. The Christian Democratic Party of Father president Jose Napoleón Duarte, the current candidate most favored by Washington, gained the largest single bloc of support. But its 24 seats fell to give it a majority in the 60-seat Constituent Assembly. As a result, a coalition of the rightist parties, which so far have held a total of 36 seats, was poised to take power. Speaking for the ultra-right, ex-National Guard Maj Roberto d'Aubum told his jubilant followers, "We have won" as they fired their salutes into the air.

Nevertheless, the election's U.S. backers professed delight with the 57-percent turnout. "Superfantis," cheered U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Dennis Hinton. "It's perfectly clear what the people think of the left." There are, however, obvious problems with trusting the outcome as representative of the national mood. Out of the country's total, which population of 2.5 million, only 1.8 million were deemed eligible to vote. And the participating parties were

there were some technical irregularities—including lead bullets and the absence of electoral lists.

Moreover, the unexpected strength of the right puts the United States in a quandary. Advising U.S. state department spokesman Doug Pinner: "We consider it essential that whatever government emerges be committed to land reform and the elimination of human rights abuses." Throughout the past week it was d'Aubum who emerged as the most flexible rightist leader. But the sudden conversion of a man once labeled "a pathological liar" by former U.S. ambassador to El Salvador Robert White, aroused considerable suspicion—especially in the U.S. Congress, where a voting tie was as a 1980-crisis oil package in the region.

The rightist coalition has already refused to work with Duarte, so it will be up to the newly elected Constituent Assembly to choose congressional leaders. One likely issue could be National Guard Chief Regino Vides Casanova, who has been spotted in the armed forces, and Foreign Minister Fidel Olivero Nino, a Christian Democrat with strong ties to the private sector.

The only clear objective of the election is data at the unanimity of Duarte and with him. Americans dream of moderate change. Hawk in both the U.S. and El Salvador seem to be taking the results as a mandate for a tougher line against the insurgents. All the elections truly proved is that while the Salvadoran people want democracy, they also on the appropriate methods of achieving it are more polarized than ever.

—VAL ROSS,

with Anne Nelson in San Salvador

Storm warnings over Quebec



Quebec's Morin angry over Ottawa's supposed chaperon strategy

Flying back from a whirlwind tour of France's southwest in his official Caravelle last December, Premier Pierre Morin would meet that usually optimistic. Settling his good-faith belief beside a reporter from Montreal's *Le Press*, he declared that under his Socialist government's new wing, the province that had so long stalled Quebec-France Canada relations was now a thing of the past. But last week as his aides negotiated the diplomatic fine-tuning of his proposed 10-day city-hop from Montreal, N.Y., to Toronto at the end of this month, he could have been forgiven for wondering if a state visit to Canada would be as perfunctory as charting a course through the Bermuda Triangle. Before the dates of his trip had even been announced, Morin found himself at the storm centre of federal-provincial crosscurrents that promptly blew into frost-free Paris headlines.

The squall swept onto the fire print of *Le Monde* last Monday when, in an interview heralding his own first official pilgrimage to France, Quebec's premier of intergovernmental affairs, Jacques-Yves Morin, accused Ottawa of throwing a monkey wrench into the Morin visit. The federal government,

he charged, was insisting that one of its cabinet ministers chaperone the French premier through Quebec. The paper went on to leave no doubt about its feelings on the subject in a page 1 editorial which howled: "The beleaguered federal

Morin charged that the federal government is insisting that one of its ministers chaperon Mauroy's Quebec visit

prime minister appears all the more determined to carry out his plan for the destabilization of Quebec." Although the Canadian Embassy in Paris promptly denied denouncing any such chaperone and Morin later backed down, *Le Monde* published no follow-up denial.

Indeed, France's most influential editorial board went so far as providing the new Socialist regime with verbiage on a more pro-British right path. The next day it gave over another headline to the Ottawa-Quebec squabble,

this time in the form of a letter signed by none other than the hitherto known as parastating legal and academic lapse. Pierre Elliott Trudeau responded to a February memorandum on Quebec's fate in the recent constitutional debate by French political scientist Maurice Duverger under the infelicitous title a CHAOTIC PEOPLE. But while he argued that Quebec had given away its own rights "for a plate of lentils," the paper left Duverger with the last word by repeating his polite restatement.

Le Monde, however, wasn't the only proponent's voice in the affair. Morin's outburst followed a trumpet stirred up under the gift-belted of the Franco-Canada Chamber of Commerce late last month when Quebec's economic development minister, Bernard Landry, publicly labelled federal-led (and mislabeled) inquiries from his province as "collaboration." Brandished in France, which remains sensitive to its own diverse history under the Nazi occupation, the remark was doubly tainted. What both incidents illuminate in Quebec's growing nervousness about the warring diplomatic climate between Paris and Ottawa since the Socialists came to power. The government of Francois Mitterrand seems more concerned about pumping up Franco-Canadian trade than with handling up the cold war over Quebec begun by Gen. Charles de Gaulle and his loose tongue from the balcony of Montreal's city hall 25 years ago.

In fact, as the storm over Morin's visit swept through Paris last week, French Foreign Trade Minister Michel Jobert was travelling from Edmonton to Ottawa trying to drum up Franco-Canadian business schemes. Among the projects on his list tag was a \$700-million aluminum complex for Quebec planned by the newly multinational conglomerate Pebayax-Ugine-Kuhlmann and which Mauroy hopes to unveil on his official visit.

In anticipation of that, the French premier's office kept a discreet finger throughout the week, suggesting that its first knowledge of problems with the Canadian trip came from the newspapers. In fact, Mauroy's aides seemed more concerned about another blip that may mar his trip. The premier is scheduled to be the first French leader to set foot on the tiny French territories of St. Pierre and Miquelon floating off the coast of Newfoundland. He has been warned, however, that the prime ministerial plane is too large to fit in the local runway. Instead, he is expected to take a smaller plane from the Canadian coast to these two chunks of France as long forgotten in the main, constantly being carried up between Quebec, Ottawa and Paris.

—MURIEL McDONALD



IRAN

Reminders of a forgotten war

By Robin Wright

It was a familiar sight. Most of youths shouted "Allah akbar!" in praise of the Islamic God, thronged crowded faith and rifles into the air in unison. But the Iranian regime carried a new significance that week. The troops belonged to the Iranian army and they were celebrating over the ruins of a key nuclear complex they had recently seized in the rolling hills of southwest Iran. Not only that, the complex was part of 1,400 square miles Iran claimed to have reoccupied from invading Iraq. Suddenly, the war that the world predicted the Iranians would lose 18 months ago, when it began, was being won.

The three-day offensive, code-named Faith (Iman), actually started on the Shiite Muslim New Year—March 21—underlining the religious fervor the Iranians attach to the war. But the full impact of the victory was not felt until Western journalists were surrounded by Iranian embassies in Europe and Beirut last week to issue the combat news southwest of Dezful. What they found was ample evidence that the Iraqis had suffered a stunning blow, despite Iraqi President Saddam Hussein's claim that it was only a "strategic retreat."

Hundreds of sophisticated Soviet-made tanks and armored personnel carriers had been abandoned by the fleeing Iraqis. And although it was difficult to get independent confirmation of Iraq's claim that 5,000 Iraqis had been killed, there were many fresh accounts, new captured weapons and bodies still littering the battlefield. Indeed, Iraqi claims to have captured more than 10,000 prisoners of war, including more than 300 senior officers and high-ranking officials. For the Iranians, the military victory had pronounced religious overtones. Ayatollah Khomeini's son, Ali, told hundreds of thousands celebrating the Islamic Republic's third anniversary last Thursday that the victory was "a gift of a new Islamic Iraq." And analysts speculated that religious fanaticism had, in fact, probably been largely responsible for the Iranians' ability to defy impossible odds.

On paper, Iraqis are outmaneuvered and outgunned by the Iraqis and they are severely hampered by U.S. sanctions on the sale of military spare parts for the country's American-made war materiel. But diplomats in Tehran say Iraq has begun to grab the initiative full (all) by employing human weapons. Scores of troops and revolutionary guards literally throwing themselves at Iraqi positions. The revolutionary

Iraqi troops behind Iranian mine fields

Iran was also helped by the fact that the Iraqi troops are generally demoralized. The Iranians had actually announced the attack in advance, but the Iraqis apparently did not heed the warning. Although the Iraqi government has said it sent many volunteers to the front, more than 100 of the POWs were forewarned in to tell them they had been shanghaied into the army just days before they were captured.

Gen. Shabibi's story was typical. He had gone to Iraq from his home in the Bekaa Valley of Lebanon to find work as a mechanic. Shortly after he arrived at a Baghdad hotel, his passport was confiscated and authorization told him he was to go to the front as "an observer," promising Shabibi he would not fight nor enter occupied Iraq. But he was deployed at the front near Dezful just 14 days when he was captured, becoming one of 82 Lebanese POWs.

There is no doubt that the New Year's offensive could be the major turning point in the war—and perhaps politically too. The Dezful area is the most strategic area of the war now, the gateway to Khuzestan and Iraq's oil wells. Although Iraq still controls an estimated 4,000 square miles of Iranian territory, Iraq has succeeded in driving a wedge between Iraqi troops to the north and south.

As a result, Hussein, who for several months has been silent and beyond for peace, is even more desperate. Just last month he offered further concessions via United Nations and Islamic Conference mediators to gain a ceasefire. But Iraq refused, demanding a total withdrawal before a truce.

Iranian officials now claim there will be no negotiated peace. They will fight on until "total victory." Maj. Behzad Nabavi told Western correspondents at the front that Iranian forces are preparing for a second major assault, although it may be more in name than in fact. The Iranians are still sapping up and digging into or converting the sophisticated network of the Iraqi troops built under the Khomeini rule.

As a result, while the role of the apostle, passed to the military, is lost for the time being, there is growing doubt among Middle East experts about the future of Hussein and whether he can politically survive another defeat. The downfall of the hated and feared Iraqi leader now appears to be as much of a goal for the Iranian as the occupation of the rest of their occupied lands. □

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE HOLY LAND

By Michael Posner

As the exodus begins, an old bedouin woman crouched in black sand like a sentinel in the Sinai sand. Across the sand, the human remains of Yamot—that great prospering community of 4,000 Jews—was performing its solar last rites. Three men were passing stones with mottos, bicycles and other household effects, trampling through little gardens and suddenly to words. One man had uprooted an entire palm tree and loaded it on his wagon. A small boy had collected a jar of sand. In the town plaza, someone had thoughtfully turned off the fountain. Under a nearby acacia cluster, the last opponents of the "new exodus"—perhaps 200 ultra-Orthodox Jews—threatened to resist the army's efforts to remove them. "We was this land with great miracles of God," insisted Avraham Hov, who emigrated from New York 18 months ago. "Giving it away now is a desecration of God's name."

But by week's end, the prospect of violence seemed to have vanished and the army moved in to deal with the defiant Blonah Voder, a horticulturalist, who expressed the prevailing mood as he watched the workers load the last of her belongings. "I'm afraid, I'm sad and I'm sorry. I'm sad because I'm leaving a thing I helped build. I'm afraid because I fear we will have to come back very soon, and it will not be a lot of blood. And I'm crying because half the population thinks the occupation is wrong."

By April 25, the day on which Israel formally yields its remaining claim to sovereignty in the vast Sinai, Yamot and its sister settlements will be desert ghost towns—left to bedests scenes and the sand that, even now, is trickling at the entrance. That, as the proud Jewish state grows an end to a long and audacious chapter in its history, it was clear that no less difficult passages lie ahead. Two days of international rioting on the Israel-occupied West Bank claimed eight lives, a bloody reminder to Menachem Begin's government that its control of Judea and Samaria still



Peaceman demonstration on Land Day (above). Easter in Jerusalem (right), focused in Jewish identity

face a fierce Palestinian challenge. At the same time, thousands of Arabs living inside Israel staged their annual strike—a gesture of Arab solidarity. Fittingly, in a region where holy and secular, the source of all conflict, they called it Land Day. Along the Golan Heights, the normally pacific Druse Arabs carried their own strike into its seventh week, protesting army orders to apply for new Israeli identity cards. And, as the Lebanese border, where a ceasefire with PLO forces still held, the situation remained extremely tense.

For one, however, Israel is not facing an imminent threat of war. It is grappling instead with an even more insidious danger—a challenge to its very identity as a nation. And while thousands flocked to Jerusalem to celebrate Easter and Passover in the Holy Land,

the border flash points seemed placid compared to the seething debate going on within Israel itself. The internal discord is rooted not only in arguments over whether the Sinai evacuation really serves the nation's security interests or whether a greater peace with Egypt is possible, or even whether withdrawal is a violation of the Jewish covenant with God. It goes beyond questions about the Begin government's negative standing in the world community, or its policies on the West Bank or the apparently deadlocked autonomy talks with Egypt and the United States. At its core, the ferment in Israel today is about nothing less than the very character of the Jewish state.

And the debate is mounting at a time when Israel is undergoing dramatic social and demographic changes. "The world has got to realize it," explains Mardane Albar, a political scientist at Jerusalem's Hebrew University. "But our Sephardic brethren are taking over."

Through both decades of birth and immigration, the old (Ashkenazi) ethos of European Jews, mainstream Zionists and Ashkenazim, who first settled and then guided Israel in its infancy, is rapidly giving way to a new posture—dominated Jews from North Africa, Iran and Iraq. Politically, these Jews have right of

and are neo-accommodating Zionism. Fifteen years ago, virtually any professor at Hebrew University could count himself among the ruling class. Now, Israeli intellectuals find the spaciousness at the dinner, and those who wield power are more likely to be found among yeshiva directors and small business groups. The rise of the ultra-Orthodox, who will likely remain at the top until intermarriage blurs Israel's distinctions, has been largely responsible for the success of Begin's Likud coalition. Long trained to recognize Mosaic rules elsewhere, the Sephardic immigrants are not terribly sympathetic to the plight of Arabs in Gaza or the West Bank. And they are generally far more willing to tolerate the prime minister's unapologetic heavy-handed reaction to policy. For one thing, they clearly as-

sume Defense Minister Ariel Sharon's get-tough treatment of PLO supporters in the occupied territories.

Last week, cadres of crack Israeli paratroopers in red berets and carrying M-16 rifles were brought into several West Bank towns to end the recent wave of brick-throwing and fire-burning. It was an effective deterrent. There were scattered protests and a number of minor incidents, but throughout most of the West Bank and Gaza hostility was passive, at best.

At the same time, the Begin government has begun—perhaps belatedly—to moderate Palestinian anger from both the PLO and Jordan's King Hussein. The Israeli policy is twofold: To moderate grievances in the territories, they have created a civil administration under Menachem Milson, a kind of buffer zone between the Palestinians and the defense forces. Selective curfews are also being used to maintain the rural-based village leagues as an alternative to the mosques and their town councils, many of whom are overtly sympathetic to the PLO. Indeed, Milson last month fired three West Bank mayors for refusing to meet with him and he declared the 1978 elections that had put them in office invalid. That was an awkward stance to take because the Israelis—Milson accepted—had previously touted the 1976 vote as the freest ever held.

The government's present logic is that the campaign was so open and Israeli involvement so minimal that PLO-backed were able to win the election with no Israeli interference. Says Josef Yasev, deputy director of the foreign ministry's North American division. "We were prepared not to intervene, not to close the bridges in Jordan, not to prevent the influx of money, not to cut communications between the West Bank and Beirut. But we were not prepared to acquiesce in active political subversion."

By this account, Israel is guilty only of misdeeds—thinking that control of municipal councils would satisfy some Palestinian nationalist aspirations. The new policies are aimed at breeding a Palestinian leadership at least partly prepared to accept the undesirable fact of Israeli's existence.

It is a risky maneuver. The West Bank mayors are popular and influential—their followers regard the village chairmen as collaborators. Co-operation with Israel, even if Jordanian minister declared recently, is tantamount to treason—a scarcely veiled threat that induced the prompt resignation of several village leaders. Moreover, even if the gambit succeeds, and PLO and Jordanian leverage is reduced, there is no guarantee that any limited autonomy would satisfy the Palestinian quest for



misfired any more than the 1976 election had. Indeed, says the deputy mayor of Ramallah, Rev. Asadul Bishri: "There is no difference between Palestinians in Beirut and Palestinians on the West Bank. We are one entity, a collection of organizations led by the PLO and representing the entire Palestinian body. We are not hostages. We are ready to make peace. But we must have our rights."

That sentiment is echoed by the former mayor of El Bruck, Ibrahim Tawil. Confined to his house under the watchful eye of two Israeli paratroopers, Tawil reflected last week on the prospects for peace with Israel. His young son sat beside him, leaning his chair with a stick and quietly chanting, "P-L-O, P-L-O." "I accept a state of Israel," Tawil said, "I accept they want to live in security, but not at our expense."

The solution, Tawil suggested, might be mutual and simultaneous recognition of each other by Israel and the PLO perhaps mediated by a neutral party. But he was careful to stipulate that such a plan could only be effected after Israel withdrew its 1967 borders. "Otherwise," he explained, "we would be recognizing Israel with all the land, and our land is not negotiable, my friend."

In many ways the current climate of



statesmen vary much from Israel. The ceasefire in Lebanon has deprived the PLO of its most effective weapon—suicide raids and the firing of Israeli border towns—a terror so much psychological as physical. In consenting to the truce, Yasser Arafat may have bound himself into a tight political corner. And if the

PLO maintains the cessation of hostilities, as the Israelis ask it, Menachem Begin would almost certainly respond with a massive military attack. "It would not," considers Josef Yasev, "be any picnic." Such a move might even challenge Arafat's control of the PLO's disparate factions.

At the same time, Syria's president, Hafez Assad, is beleaguered by unrest at home. The Israelis may continue to divide the Arab world. And, perhaps most critically, the price of OPEC oil—only a few years ago the source of the Arabs' powerful leverage on Western diplomacy—is plummeting and OPEC's clout with it. One notable result: the recent truce in Israeli-European relations, as evidenced by last week's trip by Britain's Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and the earlier visit of French President François Mitterrand. There are 1.4 million Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza and, excluding Jerusalem, only 20,000 Jews. But says Bethlehem Mayor Elmo Freij, overlooking the valley below Jerusalem, "These Jewish settlements are permanent. That is what the Arabs do not realize. These are not people like Yanki. These are real buildings. No Israeli prime minister will move them."

Freij's analysis led his three months ago to voice a startling recommendation:

Strategies for an Arab alternative

Menachem Milson, professor of Arabic poetry at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, is the man in the middle of the current East Bank crisis. Last November Milson became the first civil administrator of the occupied Palestinian territory, replacing the military government. His task was to understand the pro-PLO radical movement and to foster a more amenable Arab alternative. Most of the Arab teams promptly refused to deal with him, and in March he asserted his authority by firing three of the most hostile mayors. Last week he explained his strategy and his hopes in an interview with *Macleod's* correspondent Steve Scher.

Macleod's: Do you still think you can be accepted by the towns after three weeks of rioting and strikes?

Milson: I don't believe that their boycott policy can succeed. The majority of the people do not participate in it. In order to make it effective the political and religious councils have recourse to all sorts of repression and intimidation.

Macleod's: Is there any future for the village leagues you have encouraged as an alternative to the mayors, now that Jordan has threatened the death penalty for anyone co-operating with them?

Milson: Jordanian intimidation has not worked. The village leagues have not collapsed. The fact that Jordan reacted to the leagues with such seriousness and aggressiveness indicated that the leagues were more powerful than they at first were thought.

Macleod's: Don't you think that rather than undermine the radical mayors you have played into the PLO's hands by making northern of them?

Menachem Milson



our going downhill without breaks. We've got to stop it to save all the passengers, Jews and Arabs. We'll do it by creating our first gas. There'll be a lot of smothering, and some of the gears may get broken, but we'll save the car. These are the signs you are hurting, and that you'll probably hear for a while longer.

Macleod's: If more local leaders refuse to co-operate will you dream them out?

Milson: If necessary, yes. There are all sorts of legal and administrative measures that if necessary we will use.

Macleod's: Your strategy is now being put in a crucial test, a trial of strength. Is there something you wanted to bring to a head?

Milson: We didn't create provocations. I observe that the PLO, which is afraid that it is losing its hold on the population, is pushing things to a head. That is for us a very reassuring sign.

Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

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Jewish children under guard on the West Bank (left); Palestinian children in the streets: dramatic social changes.



tion that the PLO finally play its trump card, recognize Israel, and sit down to negotiate a territorial return. "In 10 years there will be 100,000 Israelis here. If there are no negotiations in a year or two, there will be nothing left to negotiate. For Jews traveling for two years. Otherwise I go, people tell me. But the PLO will not recognize Israel. It's a starkling black. So the PLO must take the initiative." Perennia though his case may be, Frey concedes that the prospects of such recognition are dim. Instead, he expects Begin to call another election within a year. Before the vote, Frey predicts Begin will name the prime minister's office to East Jerusalem, annex the West Bank and perhaps take on the PLO and Syria in Lebanon.

Back steps might well impel the Camp David peace process, although few Middle Eastern operators—Arab, Israeli or Western diplomats—believe the autonomy talks will succeed in any case. Martinus Aler, whose recalcitrance for Begin's leadership is such that he terms off the television whenever the prime minister appears, worries about the vote that for strategic depth Israel must retain control—of rule-of-all-kind up to the Jordan River valley. "I

don't know any place that is acceptable to the Arabs," he says. "So we are negotiating with ourselves. Nothing is workable." Aler thinks the PLO stood previously in not co-operating in a full Israeli annexation. "They outnumber us. In 10 years they would have swallowed us up or caused such internal strife that Israel would collapse from within."

Political factors are also working against an early agreement on Palestinian autonomy. After Sadat's assassination, Begin's Haganah is trading warily, and so is unlikely to make concessions in negotiations that could jeopardize his own tenure. Washington seems equally impatient. With congressional elections looming, the Reagan administration will emphatically avoid antagonizing Jewish voters by giving prominence to Begin.

Whatever the future of autonomy, there is a strong likelihood that Israel will once be invited to go to the polls again. Begin's tenuous coalition has a shaky majority in the Knesset, but polls or open elections suggest he would do much better if an election were held now. His principal opposition, the Labour Alignment, is weak, led by internal contradictions, lack of consensus

and mediocre leadership. Begin's rightward lurch has effectively polarized the political spectrum, leaving a gaping vacuum in the centre of Israeli politics. Between the two alternatives, even many liberal voters prefer a strong Begin.

Yet recent events and the seemingly constant tension of life in the West Bank are clearly taking their toll. "Sometimes I feel divided against myself," says Hebrew University professor and poet David Shulman. At 17, Shulman made aliyah to Israel from Iowa. He does not regret it. "My life is here. In Israel, I was fed here. So much of who I am is tied up in this place." But now, 15 years later and just after three anxious weeks of reserve duty on the Lebanese border, Shulman finds himself deeply troubled. He wonders whether the original vision of Israel has not somehow been distorted or lost.

The entire country seems transformed to him, caught up in a maelstrom of economic dysfunction. "The road side of the Jews has come out," Shulman says. "In 1967, Israelis went to work willingly, the nation's economy was at stake. In 1973, it was not there. I was attacked. But now I feel like there's going to be a war over the West Bank and this time

we'll go to war, not for survival but because 20,000 Jews want to live there. It's outrageous." In former times a spirit of compromise infused Israeli policy. "There was always a certain sensitivity, a willingness to settle for half the cake," he says. "The Arabs have always been maximalists. They rejected partition in '48, the Peel Commission in '36. All the Arab modernists were liquidated. But now we've become like them."

For most Israelis, however, such notions are simply naive. Realism is the proud virtue to which most Israelis aspire. "The Arabs have never accepted us," says Chaim Givli, a recent immigrant from the United States, strapping away the vester. "And they never

will. We'll have to fight again." Maps, too, are real, and the map of Israel is about to be radically redrawn. What effect this may have on the national mood and character simply cannot be known. There are, philosopher Immanuel Kant wrote, two concepts of liberty: negative liberty, which says no when the world says yes, and positive liberty, which says yes when the world says no. Last week in Jerusalem, a rabbi recently arrived from Toronto invoked the theme of a bar mitzvah for his own son. The son had gotten well past the negative concept, it seemed. In a moment, it was time to study the other form. For Arab and Israeli alike, that would not have been inappropriate counsel.

While the rabbi spoke, teenagers on Jaffe Road in the heart of the earth's busiest city were pumping shotgun into video games at the latest Fastlane Arcade. Here, too, was an oddly fitting symbol of the present tense—a game in which the player is forever on the verge of being devoured by a monster named Jew. Jew look around them and see a dawn rapidly approaching. When that dawn comes an arsenal of military power that has conquered them before and might again. Quality of life is secondary; the truck is mere survival. "People here live inside prophecies that came true," said the Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai. "As much as a Jew can live after an explosion that did not explode, and the prophets died long ago." ☐

Modern struggles of an ancient war

The ancient struggle for the Holy Land goes as far back as 500 BC when the Jews were expelled from their land by the Babylonians. That started a history of expulsion and wandering that has haunted the Jewish people for centuries.

1644 Menachem Begin raises banner of Jewish Zionism against British rule.

1648 US General Assembly votes for partition.

1648 State of Israel created. British withdraw. Arabs and Jews are already at war. Armies of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Egypt invade. Israel loses one per cent of its population, but ends with territory one-third larger.

1648 David Ben-Gurion, the Jewish leader and Israeli political boss.

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Soldiers of the Haganah: Israel created.

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1648 Arabs massacre 60 Jews in Hebron and drive out the centuries-old Jewish community.

1648 Arab strike against British and Jewish forces in the West Bank.

1648 Peel Commission proposes partition of Palestine between Jews and Arabs. Rejected by Arabs.

1648 Britain drops partition proposal and limits Jewish immigration.

1648 "The Second World War and the Jewish State" make Zionist goals more explicit.

1648 Zionist movement meets at Biltmore Hotel in New York City, urging that "Palestine be established as a Jewish commonwealth." First official

demand for Jewish state, later forthrightly stated.

1648 UN General Assembly votes for partition.

1648 Arabs and Jews are already at war. Armies of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Egypt invade. Israel loses one per cent of its population, but ends with territory one-third larger.

1648 David Ben-Gurion, the Jewish leader and Israeli political boss.

1648 British mandate begins after the First World War. War erupts from the Turks.

Foreigners in their own land

Perpetrated in the ongoing Middle East conflict are the 600,000 Arabs who live inside Israel's borders. Jewish minorities, as Jewish Arab residents and yearning for freedom, are the majority of the people in Palestine. Waiting for the There, in one of them. His report.

The Palestinian village of al-Jish where I was born in 1931 seems today as a remote as the Stone Age. When I was growing up, the majority of my people in Palestine were farmers in a semi-arid country. They raised nearly all they needed for personal consumption—grains and cows for milk, chickens for eggs, sheep for wool. I was the first writer in the Galilee Mountains.

Our farming was dependent on heaven's mercy. I remember my father praying for rain when he thought it was not enough, for warmth when it was cold, for dew when it was dry. My father lived his life in a continuous dialogue with his Lord. But by the time he died four years ago as an Israeli Arab—so well as a devoted member of the Catholic Church—he had many good reasons for mixed feelings.

His family was scattered over three continents—Asia, Europe and North America—some across different countries—Italy, Egypt, Kuwait, Germany, the United States, Canada, Australia and Israel. Many graduated from universities, some turned artists. Others became refugees, or like us—discovered one day that they were not Palestinians but Israelis.

But people don't change as easily as flies on a nap. Those years failed to take into consideration human feelings. When I was 15, my Palestinian turned into Israel, the Arab majority became a minority. A Third World rural society to contrast dialogue with the Greater of the universe turned within a decade into a modern industrial country with one of the most sophisticated farming systems on earth.

Farmers dependent on provident mercy, like my father, refused to give up old and obsolete methods. I remember one heated argument when I was trying to convince him to drop the tradition of growing wheat on the infertile slopes of Mount Hermon. It was no use. He refused to wait for the government to supply him with four "What hap-

pens in case of war if the sheep can't get into the United States and Canada?" my father asked me. He remembered that during the First World War, his people were hungry. May had because they could not find enough edible grass in the fields.

The leaders of the new Israel were European Jews who had somehow stayed alive through the Nazi onslaught.

The latest health and education services introduced into our villages may also count on the bright spot in Israel's relations with the Arabs of Palestine. Infant mortality dropped from 94 per thousand in the '50s to 27 per thousand today.

But the story is different if you try to find out if Arabs and Jews are equal. The Arabs within Israel (not counting the occupied territories) are some 13 per cent of the entire population, about 600,000 out of 3.5 million. But we are not represented in any major public or governmental post. Not in the cabinet, the high court, banking management, the army and police high commands and the foreign service. Even the head of the Moslem department at the Ministry of Religious Affairs and the head of the Arab department in the Histadrut (trade unions) are Jewish. Of course the Israeli blame the lack of peace, that deadly suspicion, for this situation.

The dramatic lack of peace creates other chronic problems for us. We are sent off from our brothers both in the occupied territories and across the border in refugee camps or in the town of Lod. That starts us in two.

I once spent a couple of years studying in England. My son came home from school one day to tell how proud he had been when his schoolmates congratulated him because the Israeli army "bashed" the Arabs. The poor child had yet to learn that he was an Arab. All he knew was that we were Israeli, when he told his friends. When they heard Israeli had attacked Lebanon in response against Palestinian activities, they asked to tell their Israeli friends how proud they were to be Israeli. It's hard to be an Arab in Israel.

Those leaders of Israel seem failed to declare that they looked upon us as

equal citizens, and citizens we are. We used our rights as weapons to support our Jewish party against another, and managed to win a share, however modest, of the national power. The figures about our students at all levels of education read like propaganda for Israel. In 1982, there was one high school for Arabs in Israel. Now we have 10 or 16. There were tiny numbers of students at such schools. Now we have 20,000. I remember in 1960 there were about 10 Arab students at Israeli universities. Today we have about 3,000.

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SPORTS

No more Cinderella for the Expos

By Hal Quinn

In spring, when young ballplayers' thoughts turn to option years and million-dollar contracts, a young man in a Montreal Expos uniform turns his thoughts to winter. "I guess the snow's just about gone in Quebec," yawns Gary Carter. "I sure would have liked to have gone skiing. But there's a chance in my contract that doesn't let me." Randy Scott, another young man wearing the same uniform, doesn't let the chance slip by. "Snow, snow," he says, "with your contract you could play your own museum." The players around the batting cage laugh. Carter insists. It's a week before the 1982 baseball season and the Expos are excited, though some are still fighting for jobs, and one of them is a very rich man.

Widely admired in the baseball universe for the skill of its athletes, the Expos of its front office and the frequency of its farm system, the Claude Breteau Montreal Expos are not a normal baseball team. The 35-year-old team's partners have experienced the exhilaration and despair of three consecutive down-to-the-wire seasons, and the club's managers know that this is the year the Expos have to make it to the top. Attendance has been at a plateau for the past three years, and in Montreal especially, there is no substitute for victory. "We've blown it three times," says team leader and professional right fielder Warren Cromartie, "now we have to go out and get it."

The Expos' steady progress toward the World Series goal has been largely based on a farm system that in 13 years has become the most productive in baseball. On most evenings last year, eight of the nine Expos on the field were products of the team's six minor-league squads. In a sport that features an endless dance of player swaps and sales, such a rich reward for patience is rare indeed. But one of the few things the farm system hasn't produced is left-handed power at the plate. In, an uncharacteristically pro-fer-bro-

style, Expos President John McHale went last week and got himself a left-handed slugger. Al Oliver has hit over .300 in each of the past six seasons and driven in an average of 80 runs a year in his 14-year major-league career. These are the numbers and the consistency that the Expos think they need to finally make it to the top. The acquisition is not a large-scale move—Oliver is 35—but the team needs a true now and not just glowing reports about talent down on the farm. It was that awareness that made Gary Carter the richest professional while en route to play in Canada. A happy and hitting Carter is what the team requires and that's what it seems to have bought itself.

"With my contract expired and all, I'm just having a good time, having fun," smiles Carter. "I don't feel any pressure on me at all. It's just a matter of going out and playing the game."

Richard Expo Carter: now we have to go out and get it



Last season Carter went out and played better than any catcher in baseball. He was a National League All-Star during two home runs and winning the most valuable player award in that game, won the Gold Glove as the best defensive catcher and the Silver Slugger award as the best hitting catcher. His reward—a seven-year contract that gives him an annual income of slightly more than \$2 million. President McHale says, "We looked back at the four great years Gary has given us at a salary well below the market." But if the Expos are to reach the next step as they climb the World Series, Carter will have to turn every 15 dollar of the new pact.

Manager Joe Mauer, who took over from Dick Williams last September, is enthusiastic in his opinion about his club and particularly about 27-year-old Carter. "I don't know what his numbers will be but they are almost unfathomable when it comes to the long ball and runs batted in. And what a lot of people forget about Carter, and a lot of our guys, is that his peak years are still ahead of him." To meet these years, the Expos signed former Toronto Blue Jays, knowledge as one of the game's premier defensive catchers, to replace Carter. For the fifth year in a row, last season Carter led the majors in number of games caught, tying the all-time record. "If Gary Carter stays healthy," Carter says, "being heavily employed baseball's third player, and gets some rest to Blackwell, I'll be fresh for the pennant drive in October."

But despite the hopes for the future, the strength of the Expos, according to Whitey Herzog, manager and general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, is the Expo playing staff. "An injury to one of their key people will cause real problems. They're going to be strong because they're going to be strong because their four starting pitchers are as good as any four in baseball."

While the Cardinals, chief rivals to the Expos with the best record in the East last year, have the premier reliever in Bruce Sutter, Herwig admits, "Our starters aren't exactly household names." After last year's post-season game-time injury, Steve Rogers and Ray Harris of the Expos have joined that category. "These two should be walking 30 feet off the ground," says Faust. "Rogers is one of the best and known ones that he can win 20 games, and after last September's loss to the Red Sox he really became a

Arabs in old Jerusalem dependent on provident mercy



freelance pitcher. He's been helped immeasurably by spring training by Freddie Wadell in Maclaine. Poyman, the age 30 (he's 32 on April 10) who won five and lost three with an earned-run average of 1.86 last year.

The second pair in the starting four make rival managers in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Pittsburgh uneasy. First-rounders both, Scott Sanderson, 35, was nine last year with an ERA of 2.96, and Bill Goffelsoe, 33, won seven being nine in a hard-luck campaign that had the 18th lowest ERA in the league. David Palmer and Charlie Lea, who pitched a no-hitter last year, are responding well to therapy for arm injuries and may return as a formidable fifth starter. Jeff Rowson, acquired from the Mets last year for \$1.5

million around "Andre really hasn't come close to all the things he can do," says the manager. "Last year he was labelled as the best all-around player in baseball. That's a pretty big handicap when the player is being asked about it, almost as a daily basis. I think that's going to diminish now and free him to just be a baseball player." Left to do that, Rowson, 27, may just earn the label.

The Oliver trade exacerbates the talent search for the team. As usual, the farm system has thrown up a couple of players who would have no problem making most major-league teams. Terry Francisco hit .254 in the minors and was named rookie of the year. Replacing an injured Tim Lincecum (who stole 11 bases in 88 games) late last season, Francisco played 26 errorless

traded for shortstop Frank Thomas to pinch Spain. Thomas has a career batting average of .287 in eight seasons and led the majors in stolen bases in 1977 with 70. To replace third baseman Larry Parrish, who departed to Texas in return for Oliver, Panning will probably platoon Wallace and get another promising youngster, Brad Mills.

However the team patches itself together for the season, it will face formidable competition just to get out of the National League East. Many have written off the Philadelphia Phillies in the race, but as Horng points out, "As long as you have Manny Trillo, Ivan DeJesus, Peter Rose and Mike Schmidt in your infield you're going to be right in there. And pitcher Steve Carlton will keep them out of losing streaks." Horng's own cousin of Ome Smith, acquired from San Diego for the troubled last extremely talented Curry Simpfendorfer, Keith Hernandez, Tom Herr and Ken Oberkell, includes gold gloves and silver bats, wears Horng. "This is the best team I've ever taken north from Florida."

The Pittsburgh Pirates, World Series champions just three years ago, are attempting to replace age with youth. The key to their success will be how well the starting pitchers John Candelero and Don Robinson rebound from injuries. They will still have last year's batting champions Bill Madlock at third, Gene Monen in centre and Dave Parker in right. After repeated trade rumors, Parker, down to about 230 lb from 285 lb, will be with them at the start at least. And so will Willie (Papa) Stargill, at 41, in his 21st and last season. "I look at my career and now it like a good one," says Papa. "Right now I feel I'm on down."

There should be nothing but leftovers for the Mets and the Cubs. New York acquired slugger George Foster from Cincinnati to team with power-hitting Dave Kingman in the middle of their batting order. If Elia Valenzuela plays as he did for the Expos in 1989, the Mets will have their own version of "Wonder" Rose. Pitching and defense will again be the problem in Chicago, general manager Bill Grier is now trying to stop the bleeding. "Even the cubans have the look of losers about them," he says. Greg Gagne, a group over with him from Philadelphia, his long-suffering Cubans fans will have to suffer quite a bit longer.

However, optimism blooms in spring, and with the start of the season in Montreal the Expos have given up on the erratic Parrish and the young bel-lender of Dave Horng, for what they hope will be vintage Oliver. With the move in the first week of spring, the Expos have made a strong commitment to October. ☐

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Falcing welcomes Oliver, a left-hander who could be the key to the World Series

Valenzuela, provides excellent company for Poyman in the bullpen. Rowson was 5-0 last year with an ERA of 2.19. Out there with him will be Bill Lea, relieving and spot-starting, while still working as his "Spawman" success after all these years.

True to the baseball axiom that you can't win without strength up the middle, the Expos have established that with Carter, the pitching staff and Andre Dawson in centre field. The catcher "Hawk" Dawson, who was the Gold Glove, Silver Slugger, The Sporting News Player of the Year and Expos Player of the Year awards, was the National League's all-star centre fielder and runner-up to Philadelphia's Mike Schmidt as the league's most valuable player. Dawson hit .302, with 34 home runs and 56 stolen bases. Panning thinks he'll have a better season this

year and hit .225 against Philadelphia in the playoffs. His young rival in right, Tim Lincecum, played three positions for the Expos last year (right, first and third base), committing but one error in 71 games. A talented home-run hitter and former Sporting News rookie player of the year, Wallace hit .248 in his first season in his two minor-league seasons.

Panning is considering platooning Gagne in right field to give the youngsters a chance. Platooning may be the answer in the infield too. Francisco, second baseman Rodolfo Scott is coming off a season in which he hit only .265 and shortstop Chris Spivey hit .225. Rookie second baseman Wallace Johnson has proven his ability with a hot hitting .263 and .296 in his last two minor-league seasons and has worked hard at dispelling his "no-hitter" label during spring training. The Expos

Turbulence engulfs the airlines

By Ian Austin



Gray, for CP Air and its competitors, the golden age of the airlines is fading.

As Pierre Jeanette, head of Air Canada's airline operations, went over his plan for a presentation on the air industry's future last week, he briefly toyed with an unusual idea. "Maybe I should give the audience a black page," he mused, in the air carrier's Montreal headquarters. Even though Jeanette laughed at the idea, he was only half-joking. Faced with a dropping passenger volume, soaring fuel costs and a poor exchange rate on the Canadian dollar that dramatically increases the cost of new planes, Canada's airlines are caught in a slump that is affecting the air industry worldwide. And the resulting squeeze on profits has prompted

harsh measures. Statists are being cut, major expense plans pushed out, and new fare increases are in the works. The latest confirmation of the gloomy outlook came last week when Air Canada President Claude Taylor announced in Toronto that he expects the carrier's losses in the first quarter of 1980 to be at its worst ever—probably double the \$3.6 million lost during the same period last year. Although the airline made a profit of \$40 million for 1979 as a whole, he added, that was not cause for

Taylor's record losses



pride. The situation would be far worse for Air Canada had the company not begun its retrenchment well in advance of the current freeze. Three years ago, a budget freeze was introduced, old planes phased out and the efficiency of others improved. Not only that, Air Canada's losses in the charter field. As a result, Jeanette says that he will be able to go ahead with plans to purchase a dozen Boeing 767s and hold off on five others until the fall. For CP Air, Canada's second-largest operator, the outlook appears more dismal. Although its first-quarter results are not yet available, it is still reeling after a \$23.5-million loss in 1979. Besides, the slump has come at a particularly bad time for the airline: it is being forced to curtail a \$2-billion expansion and renovation program begun in 1979. Besides, the slump has come at a particularly bad time for the airline: it is being forced to curtail a \$2-billion expansion and renovation program begun in 1979. Besides, the slump has come at a particularly bad time for the airline: it is being forced to curtail a \$2-billion expansion and renovation program begun in 1979.

spending and fuel-guzzling DC-8s. But Gray will be seriously considering the cancellation of a \$25-million deal for four Boeing 767s. He has already placed five planes in storage and hopes that layoffs, early retirements and attritions will cut the airline's payroll by 200. Gray has also imposed a 10-year wage freeze, and expects to raise fares by about five per cent in June.

But if the profits of most airlines seem caught in a downward spiral, at least one company is bucking the trend. Starline Provincial Airways (SPA) of Gander, Nfld., can point to a 35-per-cent profit last year, the strongest since its founding in 1968. The key is SPA's success, according to its president, Harry Steele,

was the leading cost by the federal cabinet to grant it a route to Toronto. "The morale of our employees went up. We'd been beaten in Atlantic Canada with nowhere else to go," explained Steele. The route has also partly freed the carrier from the Maritime's flagging economy and unpredictable flying conditions.

But last year's success has not lulled Steele into complacency. "The question that's bothering all the airlines in Canada—except possibly Air Canada—is how do we cut?" Steele says. CP Air's Gray points out that many observers can foresee a day when all Canadian air traffic will either be in Air Canada's hands or—tense the railway comparison—split between a "CNCP of the air."

According to Robert Jandzich, a New York-based financial consultant to airlines, the major reason for the airline malaise is that the industry "is overpriced." Now that it looks bleak as ownership passengers is shed and new routes to explore, he explained, there is much less room for expansion. Whatever the cause, it is clear that the golden age of the airways is—far from at its end—a fading memory.

With Kenneth Joyce in St. John's



Turbo's new refinery: while others watched nervously the bankers huddled

A crisis in the Oil Patch

The prevailing mood of anxiety among Alberta oilmen deepened noticeably last week. In corporate boardrooms and Alberta watering holes, the unease was unmistakable. It came the financial crisis that had overtaken one of the major resource companies in the Oil Patch, Turbo Resources Ltd.

Caught in a web of legal problems arising from a takeover deal last summer and burdened by a \$600-million debt load, Turbo set out distress signals. It announced a \$25-million loss for 1979 and a program of staff and executive pay cuts. Then its officers huddled with a platoon of bankers in the company's Calgary offices to hammer out a rescheduling of its debt load. At week's end, it was unclear what the banks will do with Turbo. Normally approachable,

Turbo President Bob Evans refused to comment publicly on the situation, leaving a beaming communications manager, Doug Evans, to fend off hostile questions. Said Evans: "Turbo is currently not ask. The company's cover been rich." But it is obviously not feeling well.

The crisis afflicting Turbo surprised many industry observers. Turbo is viewed as a well-managed Canadian company that has dared to take on the multinationals from the offshore to the gas pumps. Led by the hard-driving boss, 46, and the quiet, intense-faced chairman, Ken Travis, 56, the company's sales have gone from \$2 million in 1976, the year it was founded, to anticipated revenues (as opposed to profits) of \$1 billion in 1980. It was done with a strategy Evans calls "interlocking," in which the company engages in a wide variety of activities ensuring that its numerous profit cen-

tres don't bottom out simultaneously. As a result, Turbo now owns more than 300 gasoline stations in five provinces, one of the largest oil-giant rental outfits in North America and an impressive collection of manufacturing, mining and real estate ventures.

But it was the penchant to diversify that is partly to blame for its current problems. Last summer, to keep its oil and natural gas reserves, Turbo bought a 50-per-cent interest in Meridian Exploration Ltd. of Calgary for \$122 million and a promise to make a smaller offer to minority shareholders before the year's end. Bidding low on

Evans driving the multibillion-dollar



cash, Turbo gained an extension on the deadline and in January made a short exchange offer that most of the minority shareholders refused. Conversely, Turbo is mired in appeals before the Ontario Superior Court and the Ontario Securities Commission concerning the minority offer. And while it pays interest on the financing it obtained to purchase Meridian, it doesn't have the necessary two-thirds interest that would permit it to draw on Meridian's income to relieve the debt load.

Meanwhile, Turbo's new \$300-million refinery near Calgary is set to start up next month. Although it is on budget, construction costs delayed the company treasury and Turbo recently announced it is attempting to sell an interest in the refinery to generate badly needed cash. Not only that, Turbo's resource services group, led by Challenge Drilling, which generated 70 per cent of the company's operating profit in 1979, is caught in the current drilling slump.

But Turbo is not alone in its troubles. Buzzed by the National Energy Program's encouragement of "Canadianization," many companies joined in a spree of takeovers, buying up holdings as quickly as their bankers would allow. Now, weakened by high-interest loans—Turbo's interest costs for 1980 totalled \$60 million—several of the companies are overextended. Their difficulties have combined with other problems to create a dismal outlook.

The oil companies also face tight markets and a 10- to 15-per-cent increase in the share of revenues taken by the Alberta and federal governments under the NEP. Together these factors have led to a slump in exploration activity. Said Ken Doug, an industry spokesman: "Lynch Securities is in bad one's leader with a major bank told us they've got tight then under daily supervision." If that is true of all banks, he added, there's about 30 per cent roughly 70 of the active oil and gas companies are in trouble.

While Turbo remained confident that its bankers will not let it collapse—the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, with \$400 million mark into the company, is its largest lender—that would only serve as a luxury golden rule. And other oil companies in downtown Calgary are quietly enacting cutbacks similar to Turbo's and are judging their futures accordingly. And, ever last, oilmen loudly curse as they watch politicians in Ottawa and Alberta hammer in the media about re-opening the energy agreement to revive the oiling industry. As Doug put it, "It's politics that put us into this and it's politics that will have to get us out." In the meantime, however, the ball is in the banker's court.

GORDON LEGGIE in Calgary



Gold and U.S. dollars, the idea of the gold standard was jaded to death

The goldbugs suffer a setback

It was with a blast of fanfare that the U.S. Gold Commission began its work last August. Created by President Ronald Reagan to weigh the merits of a return to some form of gold standard, the commission was expected to act as a lightning rod for the controversy between the pro- and anti-gold camps. But events conspired to dissipate interest in the commission, and it ended with a whimper, issuing a tepid six-month-old report that—in the words of Abraham Lincoln—"The world will little note nor long remember."

Flatly rejecting any return to a gold standard linking the metal to the U.S. dollar—as was the case from 1880 to 1971—the 17-member body did, however, narrowly vote to recommend the minting of a new U.S. dollar coin. The "American Eagle," it suggested, should be issued in one-ounce, half-ounce and quarter-ounce measures of fine gold content and sold to the public at market prices. It should also be free from any capital-gains or local sales taxes.

Should Congress authorize it, the eagle could then swoop down hard on Canada's Maple Leaf, South Africa's Kruks and other famous safety-deposit-box vaults. But critics of the coin note need not sell their holdings yet. Congressmen Henry Bone and Chairman P. Wyle, both members of the Gold Commission, predicted that the coin will never be hitched. As well, a majority of members on the key House banking committee are as recoil as dividing the coin.

Despite dramatic enthusiasm for "gold bugs" money among some conservative politicians, the Gold Commission seems to have achieved exactly what the Reagan administration really intended: jading the idea of a gold stan-

dard to death. Wall Street analysts point out that while the commission talked on, the whole political and economic environment changed around it. When it was formed, inflation was the obsession and a gold-linked dollar looked like a panacea. But later the troublemakers became interest rates, recession and recovery. Along the way, the gold standard's appeal sagged as rapidly as the metal's price. Last year, says Andre Shoen, head of international investment research at Drexel Burnham Lambert of New York, "was a particularly frustrating one for gold's true believers."

But the gold standard's detractors—most of whom stress that monetary and fiscal policies are the most effective means of regulating an economy—cannot claim victory yet. The "barbaric relic," as John Maynard Keynes termed it, has hardly been driven from the monetary temples. Disappointed by the Gold Commission's bland report—and unimpressed by the up of the proposed eagle—the metal's backers are already evolving new scenarios for expanding its role as a U.S. economic policy. Two days after the commission made its report, supply-side economists and goldbug J. Edgar Wansley wrote in *The Wall Street Journal* that the U.S. Treasury should stop focusing on money supply targets to regulate the economy. Instead, it should concentrate on stabilizing the price of gold by buying or selling bonds to restrict the money supply. Freely floating money and deflationary expectations would melt away and there would follow a dramatic, secular decline in interest rates. If current U.S. monetary gain scenarios, that is the sort of stress song that could burnish gold's appeal once again.

—LEONARD MICHAEL is New York

The cost of a comedy of errors

Had it not been for the financial mistakes involved—as well as the reputation of a major Canadian businessman—last week's clash between the Iraqi government and General Motors of Canada over a disputed contract for Chevrolet Malibus might have been dismissed as a comedy of errors. The characters involved were colorful enough: an arrogant ambassador, incredulous auto officials and—caught in the middle—a worried group of bureaucrats at the Export Development Corporation (EDC), which had insured the deal for \$80 million. Not only that, the plot was fraught with apparent misunderstandings and confusion.

The clatter began when Iraq notified a \$100-million contract for 13,000 Chev Malibus. Abdo Ali Al-Dairi, the Iraqi ambassador, said that the contract was scrapped because the 13,000 Malibus already shipped to Baghdad were "substandard." Cars in the earlier shipment, said a commercial attache, Wazih Al-Jar, were marred by faulty gearboxes, "cheap" seat material and they had no dashboard clocks.

Perturbed to a degree in the option to purchase the latest batch of cars, making the deal conditional on the approval of Baghdad's High Board of Trade—which was refused—the Iraqis claimed they were within their rights to howl. Moreover, they added, GM had jeopardized future sales to Iraq and also a possible role in helping the country develop an indigenous auto industry. (By 1985, Iraq hopes to have completed a \$200-million project to produce its own car, with French, German and Japanese help.)

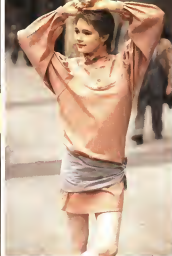
For their part, GM officials repeated bewilderment by the cancellation. Said spokesman Nick Hall: "We had an understanding they wanted cars. We built them and now they don't want to purchase them." GM did concede, however, that the defects had been a problem. And just to be safe, the company filed an \$88-million claim with the EDC.

Whether or not the EDC will bud out GM remains uncertain. In such cases, said EDC spokesman Jean Guy Rigas, it is up to the insured party to produce a contract once a claim is filed. Equally unclear was the fate of the contract Malibus' written—as they have for the past six months—on open-car lots in Halifax and Ottawa. One possibility, according to Federal Trade Minister Ed Leamy, was that they might be sold to Colombia for use as taxis. That at least would provide a face-saving exit to the costly fiasco.

—JAMES PHILLIPS

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The new, sexy Canadian designs: Parachute's flounced bubblehose mini (left), Barrell's knee (above) and voluminous bubble skirt

FASHION

The mini strides back into style

By Bonnie Harowitz

It seemed that as the winter grew longer, the skirts grew shorter. Slender stretches of thick tights and leg warmers, long the staple of new-wave rock chicks, appeared fortifying on Manxway streets. But now it appears that every leg-watcher's dream—the skirt-in-making-a-full-scale comeback. The signs are everywhere. Virtually every European, American and Canadian designer, from Giorgio Armani and Calvin Klein to Alfred Sung, has climbed on the leg-baring bandwagon. Mass manufacturers have followed suit, churning out thousands of modernized "knockoffs" (copies) of the designer styles for broader consumption. In Toronto, with barely a whiff of warm

weather in the air, cotton skirts by American designer Perry Ellis, priced at approximately \$300, have been matched off the Rack. Redfurn racks \$100 per pair of spring skirts and collies in the Miss Redfurn department, exultant buyer Jo-Anne Barff, will be shown to mini-length. Even department stores such as the Bay are stocking up on the born-again look.

The bare of the lanky leg, the 1980s skirts were compulsory wardrobe items for every woman, regardless of her age and coarseness. But the garment's 1982 descendants are just one more prominent option in a sea of sexual bombshells. Indeed, today's mini-skirts and -dresses bear little resemblance to the stiff, flapping swatches of the "moo's." Flippy, soft and fluid, the new skirts climb

just as far up the leg but create a more flattering silhouette with bouffants and pleats. They turn up in a variety of fabrics, from inexpensive denim and cotton jersey to pricey suede. And they appear in a variety of genres: relatively tame drop-waisted dresses with cheerleader skirts, pleated minis cut so full they look exactly like skirts, and supple leather skirts or colorful silk evening dresses by such designers as Yves Saint Laurent and Oscar de la Renta.

Minis are defying not only their prototype but the tightening belt of a recession-plagued economy. Canadian designers leapt when revising the sales figures. Alfred Sung has sold 750 minis to date, Laurence Marcet, 500, and Marcie Brooks, 450, in Canada alone. "Most go to girls between 17 and 25," says

Brooks, "but I had a lady of 40 in my shop who bought one."

Numerous unsuccessful attempts to revise the mini mark its long journey back into mainstream fashion. In the fall of 1970 Paris spring collections highlighted short skirts. But while Italian Parisiennes sported knee-length sweater dresses, North American buyers were not impressed. "We're not ready for this," a light-skinned Geraldine Stutz, president of New York's highbrow women's store Hazel Bendel, told *The New York Times* after viewing the shows. In 1980 Paris once again failed in a dramatic bid to raise hemlines—this time spearheaded by Saint Laurent and Karl Lagerfeld. Although innovations like Perry Ellis and Keano continued to hike skirts, the classic Chanel skirt length, just skimming the knee, remained the norm for most women. Then, last summer, designers succeeded in getting women to expose their legs in walking skirts, Bermudas and rapet pants. Women who had inadvertently acquired minis as death like lances to wear over leotards discovered that they could ditch the leotards and wear so-called boudoir.

Kissed gently into the idea, women are now obviously ready to take the plunge. But the reasons too have changed. Once worn to signal a new sexual bravado, the mini is now donned chiefly for its look. "I think women are just looking for more feminine clothes, and with the right legs, mini can be very flattering," says Nicola Pelly, designer and co-owner of Montreal-based Parachute. Pelly expects to sell 5,000 warm-weather shorts, short skirts this year in North America. In addition, the fitness boom has produced a generation of newly fit women prepared to carry the sportier designs onto the street. Those more casual styles can be "simple, worn with sneakers and ankle socks or with untanned hose and black shoes," says New York sportswear designer Wilk Smith, who has sold more than \$1 million worth of one Will/Wear mini. Even professional women are eyeing the apaches (which include mini-skirts). "I'm looking forward to wearing one," confides Gwyn Hirsche, a 38-year-old Toronto real estate agent. "I'm just trying to decide which one to buy."

But having survived one period of mini madness, many women refuse to succumb. "I will never wear a mini again as long as I live," insists *The Journal* host Mary Lou Fitzg. The 34 wore them the first time around. "They're cold and uncomfortable." Sympathetic designers, while professing that minis will stay for a few seasons, maintain that no one will be compelled to display draped hems and marbled collars. Kerlis McLean, editor of *Flare*, responds, "I don't think I'll ever see the excesses of the '80s again." ☐



A bridge over troubled multicultural waters

By Margaret Cannon

The scene is a crowded apartment in the Hurlin district of Montreal. Child welfare authorities, alerted by a neighbor who heard screams, are investigating a suspected case of child abuse. The child sits frozen in an apparent trance while agitated relatives explain that he is possessed by an evil spirit which they are attempting to exorcise by a healing. Case workers can sense the child ignores the incident, or call in Sherone Douyon—a psychologist, expert in violence and consultant to the Montreal police. "I have to determine if the child's trauma is genuine," he says. "More often, it's a case of hysteria brought on by family or social problems, and sometimes it's a case of abuse. I help the authorities sort these things out and make the best possible referral—court, psychiatrist or removal—for the family."

Montreal's 38,000 Hurlins are a tiny part of the vast wave of immigrants that has transformed Canada's society over the past decade. In 1979 alone more than 46,000 people arrived from Latin

America, the Caribbean, Eastern and Southern Asia and the Indian subcontinent. One-quarter of this country's population has neither a French nor English background, and 13 per cent grew up speaking a foreign language. While most immigrants adjust, an estimated 10 per cent succumb to depression, family breakdown or serious illness. But when they seek help, they find themselves stressed by an alien language and their cultures dismissed as backward or strange. Canadian natives face the same bewildering. Understanding these people's needs—and making them known—is the delicate task of a new breed of psychiatry which seeks to bridge the cultural gaps. "Transcultural psychiatry is the research priority of the '80s," says one pioneer, Dr. Federico Aloisi, director of Toronto Western Hospital's Multicultural Psychiatric Clinic. But as demand escalates, new treatment programs are "very few, very small, and usually naive."

Cultural confusion and government penny-pinching force often needy people to struggle alone, surrounded by one of the finest medical and social services

Douyon helping the authorities interpret different cultural behavior



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syndrome in the world. Many of Aliotti's patients are young women exasperated by the demands of full-time factory jobs and full-time housework. Their symptoms, usually vague internal pains, are a plea for help. This plea is distorted when translation services are inadequate or the symptom misunderstood. Frustrated doctors then get as far as easy answer: surgery. Says Aliotti: "Many young Latin American women have lost most of their internal organs within five years of arrival in this country." Desperate, some resort to feigning—among them the young Portuguese woman who presented Toronto doctors with a urine sample containing three metal screws that she insisted had come from her body.

Therapy to soothe themselves is actually lightning it. Alejandro Bustari, a Chilean-Canadian automobile worker living in Toronto, found his dreams of the good life dimmed when an industrial accident left him unable to work. His rehabilitation, provided by Ontario's Workers' Compensation Board, involved listening to relaxation cassettes at home. But when he reported for his cassette, the worker told him: "We're out of Spanish. Take this Portuguese one." Bustari understands no Portuguese.

While sudden illness and unemployment can shake anyone's composure,

illness is all the stronger when cultural taboos forbid confiding family doctors to outside counselors. When Aliotti, for instance, views that kind of collaboration as a sign of weakness. Native Canadians have their own brand of skepticism, according to Saskatchewan Cree nurse Jean Goodwill, special adviser to Health Minister Maurice Ragan. "They find professionals 'too noisy.' Indian people have great respect for



The Aliottis, suspecting the immigrant to adapt speedily

one another, and there are personal things you don't ask or talk about." One solution is to train native people as psychiatric workers. In the Sioux Lookout Project, which serves 10,000 Cree and Ojibwa in 22 Northern Ontario communities, natives have proven to be excellent on-the-spot helpers attuned to the religious and spiritual needs of the local people. Bustari project psychiatric co-ordinator Dr. Harvey Armstrong: "Native people are very good at dealing with illness the old way."

The same cannot always be said of the Canadian government, which expects the culturally shell-shocked immi-

grant to adapt speedily. For the newcomers' first 36 months in Canada, the Immigration Settlement Adaptation Program (ISAP) will pay for counselling services. "But it's after that when problems begin," says Maria Bustari, Aliotti's wife and a family counsellor at Toronto's Centre for Spanish Speaking People. "The first years are spent just surviving—getting a job, getting used to the climate—then family problems bring people to the centre looking for help. We give it, but that doesn't pay for it."

Others know the frustration well. Among them is Dr. Ted Lo, a Toronto

psychiatrist who for the past three years has waged a fruitless campaign to garner funding for that city's Hong Pook Service for ethnic Chinese. Its goal is to co-ordinate health care for that Oriental community swollen by the influx of Boat People, and to provide specially trained interpreters to assist English-speaking doctors. In Winnipeg, Dr. Joseph Du has a similar mission. As chairman of the Manitoba Joint Refugee Committee, he's seeking a \$149,000 supplemental grant to fund the six-month-old Winnipeg Immigrant Counselling Service, which is now holding sway on a piddling \$30,000. The agency's director, Hart Lamer, wants eventually to turn over the centre to ethnic counsellors. "We hope to find refugees with past experience in the helping professions to work in their own community." Counsellors like me have to get right out of the picture as soon as possible."

The funding struggle mirrors a larger one—government and society's reluctance to accept multicultural reality. Says Aliotti: "People continue to behave as if Canada were not a transcultural society and to believe that everyone in the world has the same perception of medicine and illness as sophisticated North Americans." The answer, he insists, is no less than a new definition of those terms, along with profound attitude changes in professional workers. "I don't believe you have to be like someone and have had their experiences to treat them," says Jan Prudkner, a director at Alameda County Mental Health Services in Oakland, Calif. "But you sure as hell have to be comfortable with them, and most therapists aren't comfortable with people who aren't like them."

To passers among to close the culture gap, multicultural training for doctors is a cherished pipe dream. Still, the message seems to be getting through. In June, the Chacir Institute will devote a conference—Canada's first—to the life of patients such as Aliotti's Jean Goodwill reports that the new Indian health policy, now being drafted in Ottawa, will give serious consideration to the lasting poverty of Indian medicine and community groups such as the Hong Pook Centre and the Spanish Committee of the Union of Injured Workers are working to help people like Bustari and purchase their needs.

Indeed, the last even of all is the conversion of group leaders that change is coming. Says Lo: "It's not all one way with immigrants taking the best of the society offers. We have a lot to give, to teach North American medicine. Besides," he adds with a grin, "people might as well get used to us. We're here to stay."

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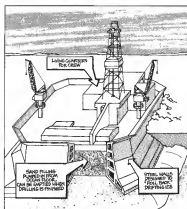
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Dan Motyka, Vice President, President, Gulf Canada Resources Inc., was born in Pitt River, Manitoba, and graduated from the University of Manitoba with a B.Sc. degree in mechanical engineering. For relaxation, Dan enjoys fishing and cross-country skiing.

For more technical information, diagrams and data on Gulf's new Arctic drilling system, write Mr. R. H. Fenner, Director - Public Affairs, Gulf Canada Limited, 130 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ontario M5H 3B9.



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The crest of a new wave

In the early '70s, Canadian literary presses were flourishing. Dozens of these small, audacious enterprises were digging up new talent and—with mixed emotions—serving as a firm system for larger, more established firms. Many well-known writers, from Margaret Atwood to Robert Coles, made their debuts under idiosyncratic imprints such as Contact, Anansi and Stone Na. Once gone, they were

though the future for many of the literary presses may be bright, the quality of recent small-press publications remains generally high, especially in fiction.

One author who seems particularly ripe for discovery by a larger national publisher is George McWhirter, an ex-patriate Irishman living in Vancouver. His third collection of short stories, *Coming to Grips with Lucy* (Dorson, \$9.95 paper, \$17.95 hardcover), braves with wit and pathos some of life's most poignant moments. The stories are divided between Irish and Canadian characters, with the Irish tales generally livelier and more resonant. The best feature here is the twilight of childhood; McWhirter transcribes these welter of emotions with sympathy and dignity.

The wonderful title story is one of these. Here, the young narrator—a deerskin hat kernal on golf—meets up with the capable and unapproachable Lucy, the local greenhouse Lucy born with her father, her brother and a band of headstrong youths wreck in the middle of the golf course. Into their rough-and-tumble conflict stumble the young boy and his sister. She is attracted by Lucy's wit, manipulating beauty, by the sensual cut of the narrator's older woman. "It seemed odd, important to think of Lucy with a fellow. I didn't think of trees with fellows, howlers with fellows." The two brother/sister pairs form, the four corners of a graceful movement to sexual and sibling love.

Even in the most melancholic of his tales, McWhirter writes with a moral perspective that rebukes the horror he evokes. His style is exhilarating, which comes as no surprise since McWhirter is also an acclaimed poet. He shows a cosmologist's taste for seasons detail and an accuracy capacity for metaphor, looking together the strange and the commonplace in vivid, unvarnished sentences—"the endroads, cooling away toward the lakes, the corkerries into bottles of clear white wine."

George McWhirter's excellent, fast-paced collection, *Dark for Paradise* (Klimax Press/Tangle Editions, \$9.95), is as far removed from McWhirter's voice as any spring water is from a fall-



Beats the quiet power of *Implication*

belled *Beverly*. Set against the landscape backdrop of tropical woods, these 10 stories follow a variety of North Americans south in search of sun, sex and pills. What these tourists must leave behind, however, is the blinding myopia of their minds, moored before Toronto writer Brown gleamed the kernel of each tale by talking to other travelers about their confessions in paradise, the first-person fiction he has crafted seemed to stretch in the politics of privilege.

The *Swampy Girl* and *The Shark* is typical. In five swift pages Brown dresses up an average Canadian housewife enjoying a day-trip week on Paradise Island at the same time the shark of fear has taken refuge there. Repeated sightings of the shark and her bikini punctuate her meandering dedications to a perfect vacation, and she carries away a final image of "her reading a book to get away from the twinges caused at Club 360 and the Shark and his children strutting the beach with their boyfriends. But there's never any certainty that she understands the incongruity of bodyguards in paradise. Here, as elsewhere

Glover: a cowboy western for highbrows



IN A DARK PLACE (DORSON)

in the book, the light dawns more on the reader than the characters.

In these rapidly told stories—there are barely a half-dozen tales of mystery in the entire book—Brown subjugates stylistic flourish to the almost documentary perceptions of his characters. His writing approaches reportage, except that the prose is the power of observation, intimate and subtle, that stillings the consciousness of his wandering protagonists. In this ability, as well as a gift for quiet, formalist endings, that gives a solid force to Brown's stories.

While the works of McWhirter and Brown are literary in the purest sense, William Glover, an expatriate American living in British Columbia, has written a cowboy western, albeit a very stylish one. His first novel, *Quantrell* (Dorson, \$7.95) recreates the adventures of Charley Quantrell, leader of Confederate irregulars during the U.S. Civil War. Quantrell's mounted paratroopers hike out in the wooded forests, ambushing Union sympathizers. Such tactics are matched perfectly by the novel's galloping, what-happens-next pace, though Quantrell has heightened suspicions as well. His smoothly crafted sentences lift it several runs above the average western, as does the characterization of its leading man.

Charley Quantrell is the traditional spunky hero faced out with the rubber dimensions of the modern western. Here Luke Teal's Irish American, whose he fights he does not hate, those he defends he does not love. A genuine mystery, he keeps you guessing at the dark meanings of his motives.

When Charley opens his mouth, a lot of his mystery—his credibility—vanishes. The person most responsible for making his talk in Kite, his berating 15-year-old girlfriend, and unfortunately their dialogue has all the stylistic forthrightness of a B-grade and third-rate writer. They must more catch than read indeed, a great deal of everyone's dialogue in Quantrell echoes Hollywood at its stereotypical worst, dragging the novel away from the precincts of literature into the mass-market neighborhood of entertainment.

No matter. An entertainment novel is, for the most part, superb. Quantrell and his gang are constantly extracting themselves from impossible situations. Such baroque escapades are just what we need sometimes to escape the weight of our despair with the dynamics of immortality.

Danger—not from bullets but from swirling white water—is the subject of the title story in Douglas H. Glover's *The Mad River* (Dark Moon, \$6.95). Glover, who lives in Watford, Ont., likes to begin his tales in media res

with the tension stretched tighter than a masterfencer's steel chords. "Hester multi tentatively at the bank of the chate, swimming for order in the splashing white about below." Hester is swimming the treacherous Mad River, accompanied by two old friends, expert kayakers like himself. As they provide each other with hints of dereliction, exhaustion drives them closer to disaster.

This story pulses with a virtue that soothes most of the book's compact, highly poetic style with an urgency approaching hysteria. The wonder is that Glover can keep his head in the midst of

such a verbal soupiness, yet be managed to describe the intricacies of physical phenomena, whether it be the flux of water or those tiny human gestures that reveal whole worlds of emotion.

On balance, though, these writers are not enough to save him from some chronic failure. His almost always under his stories badly, for being too vague or overwriting. In the title story he does both. When it is crucial to know exactly what has happened to Hester as he shoots the final rapids, our vision is obscured by a froth of bad poetry. Even



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McWhirter, drawing life's poignant moments

as worked up as such big-name publishers as MacMillan and Bantam and Oxford, who could give them the wider exposure they deserved.

Today, the ability of the small presses to continue publishing unknown writers is in jeopardy. According to several members of the Literary Press Group, who are planning to pre-1987 books, *Ann Wail* of the House of Anansi cites several reasons for the decline: a tendency to economically tough times for people to buy more expensive fiction and hard-to-buys certain (especially) government subsidies, and the failure of major publishers and magazines to hire small-press publications. Al-



Glover marshalling a verbal stormcloud

more frustrating is Glover's tendency to indulge in philosophical tirades. "This is the moment of the great uncovering that all men seek and live for." Such pompous sentimentality crops up far too often in *The Mad River*, like a boresque guest at a party which was otherwise quite tolerable.

A far more careful and accomplished artist is Nora Keeling, who in *The Drifter* (Oxford, \$7.95 paper, \$15.95 hard-cover) has written six stories about the difference between married and unmarried love. Keeling seems to think that unmarried love is better her

because here men find what they are taking in their fast men, postmodernists and French professors, than when they're rendering their inevitably disappointing marriages. This is not so much because stolen sex is sweeter, but because these women have married badly in the first place. Thus, once the lightest, most lyrical of these tales turns serious at their core, for Keeling is exploring the odd, cruel paradox that love and freedom can sometimes be found only in forbidden places.

Despite their consistently elegant style, not all of Keeling's offerings are successful. The title story, perhaps of no man kind of man and conventional society that has become something of a stock posture in much of contemporary fiction. Fortunately, Keeling usually avoids such a crippling stance. In *However, Hobnob and Dandy*, Keeling's equally evocative not only to her heroines, but in the less attractive characters as well. A similar generosity provides *Menace* to Guy, her best story, about a young Canadian who falls in love with a charismatic and imperious French drug addict. This is a wise and generous portrait of someone with an almost inexhaustible hunger for life—which in Keeling's world means a hunger for the night and loving men.

An even more complex form of love—the love that binds families together—



Keeling: tasteful and accomplished

is tackled by Toronto writer P.G. Paul in *Black Madonna* (Oxford, \$9.95 paper, \$15.95 hard-cover), the second of his novels about the fading immigrant community in South Sea Islands. But Paul focuses on the working-class Maroonas as he explores the inevitable conflicts that self young from exile in a new country. A second-generation Canadian, Jany Banane never to have assimilated will be speaks little Italian and is frustrated about hockey. Yet his normality is becoming thought approaching 30, he still lives at home, the swirling process of his doing mother and be-

lieving authoritarian father. Psychologically fascinating, Joy retreats into himself—a very different form of escape from that chosen by his sister, Marie, who has fled to a new family and career in Toronto. It takes the death of both parents to pit brother and sister into what Paul presents as a healthier relation to their heritage.

The reader may beg to differ. Though Paul disapproves of Marie for her denial of her background, one admires her spirit in escaping a suffocating situation. At the end Paul has her revisit the "error" of her ways by having her get on one of her dead mother's dresses. What is intended as an act of penance and cultural identification seems more a form of ghoulish expiation. Joy too joins the ancestor worship to be merely takes up his father's legacy-making tools. In a very disturbing way they have become their father and mother.

One reason in Paul's complaint, rather glacially style the fashion of poetry and drama that no realism. Wharton and Keeling. Yes, while *Black Madonna* will not win the Governor General's Award, it certainly establishes him as part of the new wave of Canadian literature. These six writers are all good that the business of using words to push to the limits of our experience is still the serious concern of some of the best artists and hearts in the country.

—JOHN BEMHOE, CATULIN HOSKINS

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLING LIST

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- 2 *Nadia House*, Chivers (1)
- 3 *An Indian in the Mountain*, McCallum (2)
- 4 *The Heart New Hampshire*, Irvine (1)
- 5 *North and South*, Johns
- 6 *Frances Lee Ward*, Pringle (2)
- 7 *The Mosquito Coast*, Theroux (2)
- 8 *Reddy Barn*, Atwood (2)
- 9 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, McCallum (1)
- 10 *The Rebel Angel*, Dennis (2)

Nonfiction

- 1 *The Angewaters*, Winthrop (1)
- 2 *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, Barrett, Leigh and Lincoln (2)
- 3 *Conversations*, Trudeau (2)
- 4 *John F. Kennedy's Working Back*, Smith (1)
- 5 *The Game of Our Lives*, Grenville (2)
- 6 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Brown (2)
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Professor James Cameron of Scotland Yard: faith scores higher than science

TELEVISION

Among the unbelievers

THE SHROUD OF TURIN
CBC, April 11

One of the insolvable questions physics poses is: "What happens when the immovable force meets the immovable object?" A similar enigma centres on an ancient scrap of cloth reposing in the apothecary of the cathedral of St. John the Baptist in Turin, Italy. Said by Pope Paul VI to be the "most important relic in the history of Christianity," and one of the most extensively studied objects of all time, the Shroud of Turin is thought by millions of believers to be the winding-sheet of Christ.

On Easter Sunday, those unfamiliar with the passion and resurrection may take their introduction to skepticism, the study of the shroud. Thought to have been brought to France by the medieval order of the Knights Templar, the shroud first surfaced in the 14th century and was denounced by the church as a fraud. But 400 years later the vast arsenal of science have been unable to prove that the cloth is a fraud, a hoax, or even an innocent mistake. Bearing an eerie resemblance to a bearded man with wounds paralleling those of Christ, the image is thought by some to have been embossed on the cloth at the moment of resurrection.

While many have now expanded that the cloth did wrap a crucified man, the questions remain whether or not that man was Christ and how the image was transferred onto the cloth. However, Professor Katherine Smalley, in the course of her research, gets too deeply

involved. The documentary tries to pack in too much highly technical science, ranging from textile history and fibre-optic artifacts to laser analysis and computer dating. To watch the battery of assembled experts expound their clunky focused expertise and come up with dissentingly opposed conclusions raises suspicion about academic over-confidence; they recall the persuasive propensities and determined debaters of the theory that God (or gods) came from outer space.

The impression left by yet another retelling of the mystery is what we

know all along: that science and faith are irreconcilable, opposing diamants. Those who believe will believe, those who won't will still see. What one does realize is that the Shroud of Turin is an extraordinary item, and, perhaps more significantly, the icon of a phenomenon of faith. If any sort of answer can be called that, this is faith 1, science 0. The hope that 19th-century sophistication and technology can address itself to the question of the divinity of Christ—indeed of divinity itself—proves futile. The unknowable remains enshrouded.

—Bill MacVicar

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FILMS

Going for the throat

CAT PEOPLE
Directed by Paul Schrader

Paul Schrader's remake of the 1982 classic, *Cat People*, is no panther. Where the original wore a subtle yowl, the new version goes for the throat. The difference between the two may well be an indication of how effective responses by film-makers to suspense and horror have become: less jerk and yowl. That is certainly not to say *Cat People* isn't effective—it's astonishingly and crudely so—but some may resist being pruned open by such shock.

Irene (Nastassia Kinski) is the female prey of a sadist, feline cat-woman cat-people have called they change to panthers who then suck blood. (A seduction prologue conflates with this imagination, added later.) Bill is a virgin. Irene arrives in New Orleans to seek out her brother, Paul (Malcolm McDowell), who is one of them, cranking in human



Kinski, a gory, writhing version that pounds on the audience

form and feasting on flesh in the other. She makes the tragic mistake of falling in love with gas keeper Oliver (John Heard), tempting the ancient transformation process. (Like the werewolf, the cat person fears hurting the one it loves most.)

Obviously, Schrader wanted to create the original story, which he does in the most superficial way. There is probably no better example of the anthropomorphic erotic than the panther—the lean, taut, muscular body and the soft, padded feet and tail—but Schrader doesn't pursue the possibilities, relying for a fade-out just when sex

interest is peaked. Instead, he goes for the gore. A Thelma's arm being ripped from its socket, a gruesome autopsy on a bay net, and a hotel-room seduction ending in a blood bath. Such shocks are random and famous, they don't seem earned, merely exploited.

The release of the original *Cat People* lay in its powers of suggestion, mostly through the interplay of light and shadow caught by the twisting camera. Schrader's *Cat People* is a first-to-were movie—a lot of time given and rich, peaty tones—and the New Orleans locations (which are curiously underpopulated) aren't used for their

erotic, ripe and suggestive power. With the exception of Nastassia Kinski as Oliver's lover and gaskeeper who is warmly and a bit lovely human, the rest appears suitably dazed. *Cat People* is a terrific movie subject, having the potential to arrest visually and psychologically. But Schrader never once lets his movie stalk—as pure.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Married until sex do us part

A LITTLE SEX
Directed by Bruce Palmer

In *A Little Sex*, Tim Matheson plays Michael, a married man with a nagging problem: he can't keep his hands off other women. Working in an ad agency filled with female temptation is no help. In fact, he had been cheating on his wife, Katherine (Kate Capshaw), during a 10-month trial marriage. A few weeks after they go to the laund, she catches him in the act, and the relationship leads for the pits. Michael, poor child, is distraught over the thought of losing her and seeks advice from an confident Tommy (Edward Herrmann), who explains the gist of the problem to him. According to Tommy, there are



Matheson and Capshaw: a schoolboy's conception of how grown-ups relate

two personalities residing in Michael: one is Albert, who lives in the head, the other is Duke, who lives in a rather vague, and the two are at loggerheads.

A Little Sex might just be the first movie in which a penis and a pate are major characters and actually given names. Albert and Duke are, at least, a tattering relief from the infinite confusions between Michael and Katherine, and the dreary man-to-man talks between him and Tommy. A most suspicious maiden effort from Mary Tyler Moore Enterprises, *A Little Sex* is little more than a schoolboy's conception of how grown-up people relate to

each other physically and emotionally. Its tone is staggering and its thrust occasionally ludicrous (the camera prettily looks down cleavage and looks up skirts). Tim Matheson behaves as though he were God's gift to woman-kind; he is not, however, God's gift to the writing profession. Each character is a vague approximation of what a person is, and the dialogue ought to have been saved for a ventriloquist's dummy.

In a word, *A Little Sex* is useless. It has a visual drabness to match its intelligence. And it has nothing much to say to either the illiberal or the Dukes in the audience.

—LOTT

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MUSIC

The advent of a vinyl ambassador

Until the advent of Charles Dutoit at the Montreal Symphony Orchestra (MSO), Canadian symphonies had not really cracked the international recording market. It was left to such associates as Glenn Gould and Jon Vickers to act as vinyl ambassadors, while the larger musical forms received only polite applause abroad. Boris Gensau, one of the Toronto Symphony's stepping stones to later superstardom, while Zubin Mehta did the same in Montreal. But in 1972, Dutoit, 44, on the cusp of securing a place for himself in the white-hot-and-hotly fashionable, arrived in Montreal at precisely the right time to take the MSO into the limelight with him.

Last year's digital recording of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*, wherein extraordinary technology met exquisite musical taste, received rapturous international recognition. Recently, the same recording bagged the biggest recording prize of all France's Grand Prix du Disque. "If the French, who are very chauvinistic, award their highest accolade to a Canadian orchestra led by a Swiss conductor, then something's happening," says Dutoit.

Producing the first Canadian classical digital disc and playing with passion and focus, the MSO has engineered the comfortable it has stolen the thunder from the Toronto Symphony, traditionally the country's musical royalty. Next month the second Royal concert, the fourth of a long-term recording contract for London-Denon, will be released. On May 3 the orchestra, asked in no small way by the guest appearance of superstar violinist Itzhak Perlman, will perform at New York's Carnegie Hall. While it played there in 1976 en route to a European tour, the opening engagement will give the MSO the chance to capitalize on the newfound interest dreamed up by the Royal Dutoit and its equally astonishing recording of Ravel's *gigue* covering Dutoit's tenure at the Carnegie date in an annual feature. A tour of Canada last year met mixed critical acclaim for new superlatives.

The recipient of this acclaim first came to music during his childhood in Switzerland. After a late start (he be-



Dutoit: a distinctively refined sound for Montreal

gan studying at 13), he made his breakthrough in his 30s while conducting the most rhythmically exerting (and difficult) piece in the 20th-century repertoire—Stravinsky's *The Fire of Spring*. Herbert von Karajan lauded the young conductor's work and immediately arranged an international debut at the 1964 Vienna Festival. Before he came to Montreal, he had assiduously built an international reputation as a Sviatoslav and French-music specialist. The sound he has brought to the MSO is distinctively refined. "I hate those loud, brash, rough and ready orchestras. The MSO has the delicate, civilized sound I prefer," he says. Dutoit is no Georg Solti; his sound has more tenderness than thumps.

Yet, according to MSO concertmaster Ragnor Hassaruk, "Dutoit is an all-around conductor, at ease in any style. Most of all, he has a keen ear for clarity." First editor Guy Fougère suggests the workhorse in Dutoit has made the orchestra what it is. Says Hassaruk of

the symphony's new lease on life: "It's a new feeling to know where you're going."

A lack of direction was apparent in the decade before Dutoit's arrival when the symphony did little but tread water, first under Franco-Polish Dekker and then Rafael Frickman de Borja (whose star was to decline). Dutoit's prime plan is to keep the 40-year-old orchestra one step ahead of itself. "Now that we're associated with French music, we'll switch to Russian next and move into the German repertoire before anybody has a chance to typecast us."

But there is trouble, even in paradise. When Dutoit arrived in 1972, dollars were leaving Quebec like gossamer during the first half of fall. Even though attendance has gone up and subscriptions have risen by 15 per cent, the MSO's deficit was \$600,000 as of May, 1981. "This has nothing to do with Dutoit," says managing director René

Mehta, "since he's actually very practical. It happens that other symphonies live in more economic climates." Damaged, Dutoit warns, "To build a first-class orchestra costs \$10 million a year. We're not in a position to do that." Undeterred, he intends to remain in Montreal. This Thursday he plans to marry 32-year-old Marie-Josée Dutoit, executive director of Montreal's Hudson Institute and considered one of Canada's top executives.

Financial vicissitudes aside, the morale at the MSO hasn't slumped, but by Dutoit's self-correction, "Now I can hear any orchestra in the world," he asserts with no false modesty about his agreements with the Boston, Chicago and Cleveland symphonies, as well as the Berlin, Vienna and New York philharmonies.

"You have to deserve a *Bella-Rose* to drive you," he explains. "That's what I'm driving in Montreal right now, and the bacon is my morning meal!"

—LAWRENCE O'NEILL



Dutoit: in demand

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RADIO

The boys in the BBC band

The four members of the band with the world's most and most recent contract were nervous when they turned up for their audition at BBC radio 20 years ago last month. The producer who ruled their performance, Peter Dinklage, remembers they were a cut above the "messes of rubbish" he was forced to screen in his search for talent. "An unusual group," he wrote in their audition report. "Not as 'rocky' as most. More country and western with a tendency to play music." He then jotted down this terse judgment: "John Lennon, yes. Paul McCartney, no."

McCartney, of course, managed to scrape through, and from 1962 to 1963 The Beatles made more than 50 broadcasts for BBC, recording 85 songs. Thirty-two of these, unaccompanied with interviews, are included in *The Beatles at the Beeb*, a two-hour BBC show which CBC Radio has staged for an exclusive North American premiere. The special will be aired on *Music Tonight* in half-hour ratings over four consecutive Friday evenings, from April 9 to 26.

Loosely performed and crudely recorded in BBC studios, the 30 songs include 10 that have never been available on Beatles records, although only one of them is original—*It's for My Wig*, a ballad Lennon and McCartney wrote for Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas. The others are cover versions of tunes by The Beatles' American idols such as Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, Ray Charles, Buddy Holly, Johnny Burnette and Arthur Alexander. The earliest sessions were recorded before Ringo Starr replaced Pete Best as the group's drummer, and Best's riling accents on the tapes lend a dash of edge to a whimsical rendition of Berry's *Memphis Tennessee* by John Lennon. To hear Ringo elude his way through Carl's another Berry standard, makes any comparison to the more full version by The Rolling Stones embarrassing.

These BBC tapes are exciting, however, not as some last musical treasure trove, but as an artifact—a dog-eared collection of wonderfully candid snap shots. The sloppiest sessions, recorded in 1963 before the band's first American tour, are, ironically, the most interesting. By then Britain was consumed by Beatlemania and the Fab Four had landed their own BBC radio series called *Pop Go the Beatles*.

Let loose in the adolescent atmosphere of a BBC studio, free from the professional discipline of George Martin, The Beatles could get away with music that would never survive the sanitized production of their albums. The tapes are rough music, often haphazard of the usual background vocals, but some great moments shine through. There are stretches of inspired rock 'n' roll screaming, many raucous guitar passages and a duet called *Love Me, Do* which the group performed so perfectly like the Everly Brothers. There are also guitar solos that lose their footing halfway through and drum breaks that leave the tempo in splinters. But now that 'The Beatles' music is virtually an institution, archeological scrutiny shows that there's more charm to be found in vulnerability than in perfection.

—SHAWN D. JOHNSON

The Beatles in 1963: a dog-eared collection of wonderfully candid snapshots



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The sound of one hand clapping

By Allan Fotheringham

The perverse mind of Pierre Trudeau, as complicated as any Algonquin overbush road, is about to infiltrate the ultimate revenge on us. A man who says he will never free the slave-owners and demonstrate it with such scorchingly dignified public consent—has his marvellous April trick scheduled for the 15th of the month. It is the day when Canadians will have their noses rubbed at it by the appearance of a foreign quack who, tapping to the rhythm of a ukulele, will allow us to rise on our feet as in a free and independent country, unfettered, naked in the world, purification's newswallabies. In other words, the International North Pole—my

A Canadian who craves to only deliver the mocking song with which the prime minister is now regarded as the final hares (have no hope) of how we have lately avoided for so many decades the cutting of the apron strings from Mother England. To reveal us, to make us feel grubbly, he is bringing Mother England here so we—

and the song is a good one—put us on the map. What constitutional children we have! So we shall gather on Parliament Hill, wearing garters and pink blouses, while another country's representatives tell us that we are allowed—now that we have the right to vote in the creek—so pretty much with our own paperwork. But I was all feel good!

Pierre Trudeau's views on the monarchy are well known. It was at a Quebec Liberal convention that he announced he would rather go skiing than participate in a debate on the monarchy. As a French-Canadian, he is as offended about these lingering links to an English Queen as I would be. There was that famous schoolbook twist, for the benefit of pluralists, behind the back of the Queen. The hamster-sliding all the molting symbolism of someone demonstrating he doesn't take the whole exercise seriously.

So we have, after three years of con-
flict, *Fotheringham* is a columnist for
Eastern News.



ditional subsistence—in the neglect of the economy and that unforfeitable dark continent west of Kenya—the final act, a salute on Chanda itself. The ally glint of paper that brings us into line with banana regulations and outputs of gas-cooled retired atomic rods have been returned across the pond in the briefcase of some suitably disavowed servant. Instead a Gilbert and Sullivan re-enactment out of something from an old Leslie Howard movie: Ghana is independent, free. Uganda has achieved sovereignty. Kenya, Trinidad, Sri Lanka have married it. Somalia, Zim-



below. Hong Kong is to have its English masters in 1997. Finally, it's 1992 and title Canada. Thank God, we made it just under the wire! To emphasize the image of the Rag out from his Fall Mall club still carrying his swagger stick, we have scheduled this insulting weekend garden party involving all the stammering occupants of the Ottawa Establishment, known cranking from the cart-
ons, *schmuck*.

It is the liberal war of doing things—even such a process as a football-rugby country achieving national independence turned into a device to keep the first faithful happy. The 14-nations-only bangarus and galas are designed, as are most anti-capital Olivares sessions, as a ruse rather for selected party faithful from across the land, the better to keep their names near the trough. Liberal hawks and their converts, in new pines and dynd punes, are recovering the bulls that some patriots would die for. For the way to a Liberal worker's heart is through his wife.

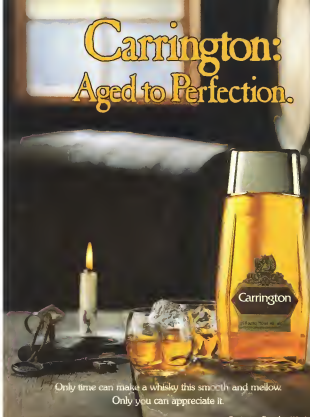
going circle at the hardware store. If we are to look like some underprivileged Third World ethnic remnant, then it is only fit and proper that the overprivileged of upper-middle-class Liberalism lie in for the feast.

There is the gala at the National Arts Centre, the evening at Lily and Ed Schipper's, the dinner at 24 Sussex Drive, the Queen's procession in London to Parliament Hill—all good, joyous stuff for the TV clips as the newsmen of the Americas who will wonder why they took the time to be at the first place. If Mr. Trudeau is to make us suffer for our tardiness in shaking Westmanster, he will make us hold our noses while we do. He does not even have a signpost to his cabinet to thank for us, now that Allan Blakeslee has been dropped down the sewer drain of this third budget measure.

[illegible]

The whole scene is out of a high-school operation—and will appear as such to outsiders. Porro Truena, the district republican, has orchestrated for us the final demonstration of our unneeded obedience. It's his closing job. A country that in 1982 is finally going to sever its last (retrograde) umbilical cord will prove its doing so just how colonial it has been.

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